HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 440.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

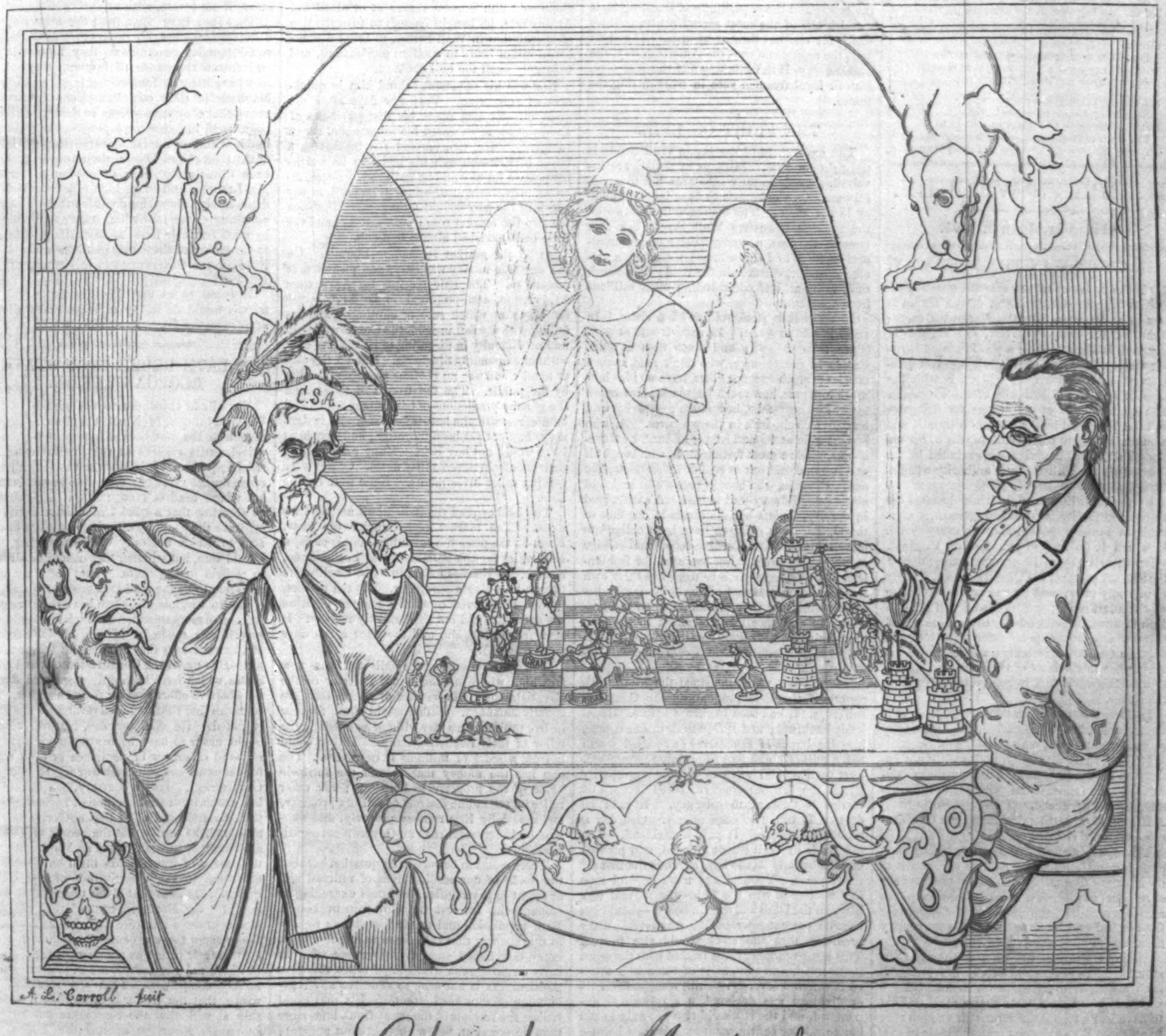
CHECK-MATE.

[SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM RETZSCH'S GAME OF LIFE.]

"IT is DAVIS, the Spirit of Treason, playing with UNCLE SAM for his Life. The scene is chosen with a sort of mysterious reference to the whole idea that is to be expressed. The very architecture intimates the presence of that dark Being to whose sphere belongs all that is horrible, traitorous, and repulsive. It is a wide vault whose arch is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads—half bird, half locust—as well as their short, misshapen claws, adhere closely to its two pillars, down which they seem to creep. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess-board; and UNCLE SAM, the type of calm, self-possessed manhood, sits at this table, his countenance expressive of triumph tempered by amiability. Opposite to him, on the spectator's left hand, is DAVIS, the Prince of Rebellion, seated in a large chair, one of whose arms shows the British Lion in an orgasm of disappointed 'neutrality;' while, lower down, the claw of this lion grasping a human skull, intimates his protective government of Ireland. A broad cloak, from which only his bony, claw-like hands appear, is thrown around DAVIS, and his hair and his beard bristle with impotent rage. The expression of his features, as becomes his fallen state, is devilish and hateful. He who was a liar from the beginning, he who has played falsely, is undeniably before us, with all the rapacity of a Tiger and all the cruelty of a Hyena. Contumely, scorn, hatred, malice, rejoicing in mischief, find here their appropriate features; and the hand whose nails are being gnawed in baffled fury may either conceal a demoniacal grimace at the evident defeat of his schemes, or repress a horrid imprecation before which the gates of Hell would tremble, that deliverance is no longer possible. Between the two players, somewhat in the back-ground, stands a gentle, lovely angel-form, with white and outspread wings—the GODDESS OF LIBERTY, the protecting spirit of UNCLE SAM, but not seen by him. She looks in rapture down upon the victorious termination of the struggle. But now let us look again at the game itself. On DAVIS's side but one piece remains: LEE, driven to a corner, held in check by the Knights, SHERMAN and SHERIDAN, and mated by the opposition of the Church, has no alternative but to yield to GRANT, who, as King, may not press too closely on a fallen foe. The captured and broken pawns indicate, in their emaciated forms, the merciless spirit of their captor. On the side of UNCLE SAM the Queen is COLUMBIA, a lofty, majestic figure, unfurling her vindicated flag. Her position, strengthened by the Castles, supports the more active officers; and the pawns are well disposed for either attack or defense. The adversary's Castles have been taken, as well as the motley crew of pieces which throng the hither side of the board. The nefarious designs of DAVIS are foiled, and he is *beaten at his own game.*"

THE HIGH-TONED LADIES OF RICHMOND.

AMONG other fallacies dissipated by this war is the one which assumed that to Southern ladies belonged a species of letters patent for dignity and the proprieties of behavior. But the facts prove them to be, after all, weak-minded sisters, no better than their sex elsewhere, but, on the contrary, somewhat more inclined to insolence, peevishness, and an insulting manner and bearing toward those they please to call Yankees—which is, in fact, the highest tribute they could pay to the chivalry and good temper of the Northern man, who can exercise forbearance and make allowance even to those who



Check-Mate!

have done all in their power to ruin the nation. Even in Richmond, where the clemency of the conqueror has struck the inhabitants with wonder, ladies can be met upon the streets who render their sour, sharp features still more repellent by a turning up of the nose, and a flaunting protrusion of the under lip, supposed to be expressive of scorn; if you, out of ordinary etiquette, take the trouble to give them the inside on the pavement, they draw their skirts (sadly innocent of soap and water) together, to avoid contamination by contact with you, and march past like a female supernumerary at a country theatre. It is laughable at the same time that it is pitiable.

THE HOUR OF NORTHERN VICTORY.

Roll not a drum, sound not a clarion-note
Of haughty triumph to the silent sky;
Hush'd be the shout of joy in ev'ry throat,
And veil'd the flash of pride in ev'ry eye.

Not with *Te Deums* loud and high Hosannas,
Greet we the awful victory we have won,
But with our arms revers'd and lower'd banners
We stand—our work is done!

Thy work is done, God, terrible and just,
Who lay'dst upon our hearts and hands this task,
And kneeling, with our foreheads in the dust,
We venture Peace to ask.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword,
Prostrate our brethren lie, Thy fallen foe,
Struck down by Thee through us, avenging Lord—
By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to smite
These our own kindred Thy great laws defying,
These, our own flesh and blood, who now unite
In one thing only with us—bravely dying.

Dying how bravely, yet how bitterly!
Not for the better side, but for the worse,
Blindly and madly striving against Thee
For the bad cause where Thou hast set Thy curse.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,
Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers,
"Lord! we have fought the fight!" But to rejoice
Is ours no more than theirs.

Call back Thy dreadful ministers of wrath
Who have led on our hosts to this great day;
Let our feet halt now in the avenger's path,
And bid our weapons stay.

Upon our land, Freedom's inheritance,
Turn Thou once more the splendor of Thy face,
Where nations serving Thee to light advance,
Give us again our place.

Not our bewildering past prosperity,
Not all thy former ill-requited grace,
But this one boon—Oh! grant us still to be
The home of Hope to the whole human race.

25th April, 1865. Fanny Kemble.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 3, 1865.

THE RIGHT WAY THE BEST WAY.

By the necessity of the case the question of suffrage in certain States of the Union is now to be determined by the National Government. If Governor Pierpont, as is constantly reported, is about to issue a proclamation inviting the loyal citizens of Virginia to elect delegates to a Convention, he will do it with the consent and by the authority of the President. The qualifications of the voters for delegates will not be settled by the State of Virginia, and thousands who are empowered to vote by her old Constitution will doubtless be excluded by the tests which the United States authority will impose.

By the Constitution of the United States the national authority is bound to guarantee a republican form of government to every State. How can it do that in the case of Virginia, where there is now no Government except that of the military power of the United States? Clearly in one way only: and that is by enfranchising all the adult male population who will take an oath of unconditional fidelity to the Union; of solemn, absolute, express renunciation of the dogma of State sovereignty; and of entire acquiescence in the laws of Congress, in the acts of the Executive, and in total emancipation of the slaves.

If a condition of education be required, it is unfortunate; but it will exclude the most trusty citizens of the State, white and black.

If color shall disqualify, a disability not authorized by the Constitution and in direct conflict with the fundamental principle of the Government is introduced.

If a religious test be demanded the Constitution is equally violated

The republican form of government which Congress is constitutionally bound to secure allows no arbitrary disqualification upon the grounds of religion, of race, or of color. It contemplates a government "of the people by the people for the people," and by its very terms is inexorably hostile to an oligarchy in every form.

It is of no importance whether the old Constitution of the State did or did not prescribe such tests It every State which adopted the Constitution of the United States must be held to have had a republican form, it is enough that in all those States, except one, the basis of suffrage was such as not to exclude any considerable body of freemen, whatever their race, intelligence, or color.

But the question is now freshly encountered. Is that, by any torture of terms, to be justly called a republican form of government which arbitrarily disfranchises an immense body of the adult freemen of a State because of their complexion or race? Can they be more righteously disfranchised because of their hue than because of their height or age or profession? They have the same natural rights as men, they have the same interests in the commonwealth as all others, and their rights and interests are no safer in the hands of those others than those of the others would be in theirs. It would be thought a very hard fate if the residence of the white freemen in Virginia or North Carolina should be left to the decision of the black. It is equally hard, unjust, and unrepublican that the residence or status of the black freemen in those States should be intrusted to the white.

The difficulties and dangers of authorizing a general suffrage in those States are not so evident as those of refusing it. The refusal alienates that great mass of the population lately enslaved, which by emancipation is now in every sense the equal of the poor white population of the same States. It prolongs indefinitely the agitation arising from an unjust discrimination. It gives a national sanction to the prejudice against color. It disheartens the colored freemen whom it does not embitter, and rebukes those who claim for all men the equal rights to which, by the acknowledged principle of our system, all men are entitled. The refusal to enfranchise them is a deliberate repudiation of the fundamental American doctrine that Governments justly exist by the consent of the governed. It emboldens the sneering skepticism which asks whether it can be so very wrong industrially to enslave those whom it is right politically to degrade.

To leave the question to be settled by the State Legislatures elected by white citizens alone is to base the political freedom of colored citizens upon the consent of a class, and not upon the same right from which that class derives its own franchise. And to leave it to be so settled when the United States Government has the right and the power and the opportunity of deciding it, is to shirk one of the most sacred responsibilities which the war has thrown upon it. The right way, the republican way, the American way, the humane way, is the safe way and the best way. Let all loyal freemen vote in reorganizing the States.

THE FIGHT ON ERIE.

The excitement of the day in Wall Street is the fight on Erie. Millions of dollars are involved, not only to the combatants, but to peaceful outsiders who happen to have invested money in the stock. The belligerents are two of the greatest financiers Wall Street has ever known—the one, a young banker of preternatural sagacity and shrewdness; the other, a veteran operator, director in the road; both worth their millions, and commanding other millions from adherents.

In 1860 Erie stock sold at $5 a share. In 1863 it sold at $128. In 1865 it sold at $44. Since then at $85; and since then at $68. People in the country, who don't read money articles or stock exchange lists, have no idea how much romance, how much happiness, how much agony and heartache, how much prosperity, and how much ruin lurk in these figures. A, who bought Erie at $5 and sold it at $128 or thereabouts, made a great fortune. B, who bought it at $128 and sold out at $44 or thereabouts, lost one. C, again, who bought below $50 and sold above $80, did very well indeed. A's wife, bred in poverty, flaunts her diamonds in our face at the Opera. B's children have been obliged to leave the expensive boarding-school and college at which they were being prepared for fashionable life, and have gone to work out their own livelihood in stores and offices. C's family begin to think that they can afford to go to Saratoga, and that they can not afford to keep up their intimacy with their cousins who sell milk. The whole because Erie *would* fluctuate so wildly.

'Tis not many months since the leading directors of the Erie pronounced the Company bankrupt. It had been bankrupt before. Hopelessly bankrupt; and had passed, in due course, into the hands of a receiver (who died worth half a million), and had been duly reorganized. Just then a tidal wave of national prosperity struck the drifting concern, lifted it up, and carried it forward to solvency. It paid its debts. It began to earn money. One day it astonished people. It paid a dividend. The old heads in Wall Street growled, and predicted that 'twould be the last, as 'twas the first for many years. Younger and more hopeful men saw no reason why the Erie—the natural link between the lakes and the sea-board—should not become permanently paying property. They predicted that the stock would rise to par. This insane prophecy was treated with the scorn it deserved, and the credit of those who uttered it suffered severely. Still, somehow, another dividend was declared, a surplus was announced, and the stock did rise not only to par but to 28 per cent. premium. It then became apparent to the old men of Wall Street that the world had not stood still for the past four or five years, as they had assumed, but that it was constantly moving and in the same direction. Presently new questions arose. The late President of the Erie had always believed that the war was going to end in sixty days, and had scoffed at the idea of buying iron when gold was a premium. Thus the road, in railroad parlance, "ran down:" while simultaneously the increase of traffic, occasioned by the war and the opening of the Atlantic and Great Western, called for an increase of equipment. Still, so strong was the confidence of the Erie managers in the early restoration of peace and fall in gold, that purchases of iron and equipment were postponed, until at last the division superintendents threatened to resign unless at once needed repairs were made and equipment supplied. This brought matters to a crisis, and at the eleventh hour iron was bought, and locomotives and cars contracted for in large numbers, on the basis of gold at 250. A debt of some six million dollars was created, and no means were provided for paying it. Stockholders were kept in complete ignorance of the fact until dividend day came round, and then—in February last—it was announced that the great Erie Railway Company, which had done such a fine business and so securely placed its stock on the dividend paying list, was once more staggering under a floating debt, and seemed to be steering straight for the old harbor—bankruptcy.

The stock had fluctuated before this discovery between 100 and 125. It now fell steadily, with few reactions, to 44 per cent.—the leading operators on the bear side being an influential director in the road and the banker previously mentioned. Before it reached 44 these parties parted company. The director saw reason to believe that a recovery in the stock was possible, that the earnings of the road were increasing, and that a way out of trouble might be discovered. While, therefore, the banker and his friends continued to sell all the stock which people wanted to buy, the director covered his shorts and became a purchaser. He bought shares by the tens of thousands from 45 to 50. It is reported that the broker who represented the bear banker and his friends alone sold him 20,000 shares at or about 49. At any rate, he bought enough to turn the tide of speculation in Wall Street, to bring a number of minor bears to condign punishment, and to largely swell the bull phalanx.

Nor was his opponent behind him in quickness of perception. Very few days after the great director had made his first purchases of Erie, the banker scented his scheme and began to fortify. He, too, entered the market as a buyer of Erie—though his belief in its worthlessness, so far as could be gathered by acquaintances, was unchanged—and it is hard to say which of the pair bought most stock. Between the two the market rose from 44 to 85, and the little bears perished almost to a cub.

At 85 the market seemed to hesitate. On the one side money was easy, and promised to remain so. The Erie receipts for April were $1,472,000, and promised to be $1,500,000 for May; at which rate of earnings, expenses falling with the fall in gold, the Company would find no difficulty in disposing of its floating debt without suspending dividends. But, on the other hand, there was an obvious absence of buying by the public. The fall from 128 to 44, and the gloomy predictions of bankruptcy which had been current in the best-informed circles in January, had not yet been forgotten, and people at large would not buy Erie. Many were putting their money in Seven-thirty notes. Others were seeking other investments. None were buying Erie.

The banker read the indications and sold his stock. The market reeled under the blow. From 85 the price fell to 73 in a couple of days. New allies for the bulls appeared in the arena, and 10,000 shares of Erie in "one block" were bought by a single purchaser. But the market, though it fluttered upward a few per cent. on the operation, did not permanently recover. It soon fell back again, and the price a few days since was 68½.

The question among the bulls and bears now is, which will win—the Great Director or the Great Banker? In respect of means they are equally balanced. Either might check for four or five millions in a day without astonishing the teller of their respective banks. Either could borrow a score of millions if necessary. The one has the money market and the intrinsic value of the property to help him; the other relies on the public distrust of railway property, and especially Erie railway property, and likewise on the general rush for Government securities.

There seems to be very little question but that the stocks of our leading lines of railroad will or ought to pay regular dividends exceeding in amount the interest on Government bonds. Both population and traffic increase so rapidly in this country that in the course of a few years every established enterprise, however slim its early receipts, soon works itself into a lucrative position. It is not easy to conceive any combination of untoward circumstances that could reduce the receipts of the great trunk lines more than 25 per cent. below their present amount; and it is not unreasonable to believe that they may, after the shock produced by a return to specie payments, take even more money than they do now. The way traffic on the Erie at present yields more income than its entire traffic —way and through—did in 1859. This is due, not to the war, but to the steady progress of the country, the increase of people and of property to be moved, and not least to the development of internal industry and traffic caused by the issue of paper-money. That five years hence the stocks of our leading lines will pay regular dividends of 8 @ 10 per cent., and will be held above par by investors, is generally admitted in Wall Street.

But meanwhile it is beyond any man's judgment to decide what price they may command. Pacific Mail stock, paying 5 per cent. quarterly, sold until within a couple of years at 60 @ 80; now, paying no more, it sells at 250 @ 300. No change has taken place in the property; but within a year or two people seem to have awakened to its value. If the public for a year or more decide to place their savings in Government bonds exclusively, railway stocks may decline far below their real value. In the end intrinsic values always assert themselves in Wall Street. But before they do so the operations of speculators often control events and prices to an extent which baffles those who rely exclusively on the abstract laws of political economy.

REBEL TERMS.

Mr. Stephens, Mr. Reagan, General Lee, and a multitude of American citizens who have served the rebellion in a civil or military capacity, are, according to the correspondents of the press, very lavish of statements of the conditions upon which the Union may be restored. One gentleman expresses his readiness to resume the status of a citizen immediately, provided the Government is properly lenient. Slavery is perhaps gone, says another, but confiscation and extension of the suffrage must not be pressed. We have not yet seen any report of the terms which Jefferson Davis is disposed to accord to the United States. But as he declared that he would rather fraternize with hyenas than Yankees, he will probably be very strict, if not severe, with us.

That they have committed the most stupendous crimes—that, in order to overthrow an equal popular government, they have starved and frozen thousands of innocent men—that they have hung and massacred in all cruel ways hundreds of their own immediate fellow-citizens—that they have striven to destroy civil society itself, in order to perpetuate the unimaginable wrong of human slavery—that the letter of Alston shows Davis, their leader, to have been directly cognizant of a plan to murder Mr. Lincoln and other high officers, which he deliberately referred for consideration—all these appalling crimes, for which many of them will be tried for their lives, seem entirely to escape the attention of these airy gentlemen who kindly advise the Government in this emergency of victory.

It seems to us that Mr. Stephens and his friends would do wisely to imitate the silence of Jefferson Davis.

A LATE REBEL UPON STATE REORGANIZATION.

We allude elsewhere to the speech of Mr. W. W. Holden, of North Carolina, a gentleman who has not been sincerely a rebel, and who heartily rejoices at the overthrow of the rebel despotism. It is important as showing how crude are the views of a man whose heart is right but whose head is wrong; and it is significant as showing that a good Union man would reorganize the State by allowing one class of citizens to decide not only whether another class should vote, but whether they should be allowed to remain in the State. That certainly does not seem to us the road that leads to peace.

But in Virginia also there has been a meeting looking to reorganization at which the significant speech was made by Mr. A. H. H. Stuart. Mr. Stuart says that he supposes Virginia still has rights under the Constitution of the United States which have been only suspended during the abortive effort to sever the connection. He concedes that the attempted revolution has finally failed. He does not say, however, that it ought never to have been attempted. He has no word of sorrow or penitence or even regret for the cruel and causeless war waged upon the Government. On the contrary, he speaks of the late authority of the rebellion at Richmond with perfect respect. But as that authority has disappeared, he thinks that the people of Virginia are remitted to their rights as Virginians, and the extent of those rights must be determined according to the Constitution of the United States. He adds that if the universal assumption of "the Northern States" that the ordinances of secession were nullities, be true, then the moment the war ceases the Southern States resume their places as members of the Union.

These are the sentiments of a man who is merely conquered. That the rebellion was wrong, that the Union is more than a partnership at will, that the States are not by right supremely sovereign against the Union, Mr. Stuart does not say, and probably does not believe. The Union is stronger than the Confederacy—that is all. The national Government is the victorious party. Good sense requires that the fact be acknowledged, and Virginia will not try to renew the war. Such is Mr. Stuart's opinion. Such, doubtless, is the opinion of the great mass of his white fellow-citizens.

But if good sense requires him to acknowledge the fact of the national superiority in power, does it not require us to acknowledge the fact that he is no friend of that power? He submits because fighting is useless, not because fighting is wrong. Do we wish to intrust Virginia to such hands and hearts? State sovereignty has got the worst of it, but State sovereignty is right after all. Is that the qualification for the ballot which we propose to demand in Virginia?

If the ordinance of secession be a nullity, says Mr. Stuart, when war ceases, Virginia is back again in the Union with all her rights.

But who is to decide when war has ceased in Virginia? The Government of the United States. The war against that Government was waged by those who hold Mr. Stuart's views. He and his friends have not changed their views. Can the war be truly said to have ended if they are to control the reorganization of the State? It may not break out again for thirty years. But it will be the same war whenever it reappears. War will have ceased in Virginia when the State Government rests securely in the hands of her people who abhor the doctrine of State sovereignty and hold to the equal rights of all men. Until that day the forces of the United States can not be safely withdrawn. Until that day no sincere reorganization of Virginia as a State of the Union is possible.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

One of the fiercest and most unscrupulous opponents of Secretary Stanton lately insinuated that he was not as sternly hostile to rebellion while he was in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan as he has been in that of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson. The overwhelming reply to such an insinuation is fortunately found in the speech of Judge Holt, delivered in Charleston on the evening of the day upon which the flag was raised over Fort Sumter. Judge Holt was a member of Mr. Buchanan's last Cabinet, with Mr. Stanton and General Dix. In his Charleston speech he alludes to the blunder of "the traitor Floyd," in view of his own purposes, when he selected Major Anderson to command in Charleston harbor. Wicked rulers have sometimes been fatally mistaken in the choice of instruments. He continues:

"Great, too, have been the surprise and terror of these wicked rulers when they have found their trusted instruments failing in their hands: but perhaps few of these exhibitions have equaled that which was witnessed at Washington when the unfaltering fidelity of Major Anderson and his little command was first fully manifested. When intelligence reached the Capital that, by a bold and dextrous movement, this command had been transferred from Moultrie to Sumter, and was safe from the disabled guns left behind, the emotions of Floyd were absolutely uncontrollable—emotions of mingled mortification and anguish and rage and panic. His fury seemed that of some baffled fiend, who discovers suddenly opening at his own feet the gulf of ruin which he had been preparing for another. Over all the details of this passionate outburst of a conspirator, caught and entangled in his own toils, the veil of official secrecy still hangs, and it may be that history will never be privileged to transfer this memorable scene to its pages. There is one, however, whose absence to-day we have all deplored, and to whom the nation is grateful for the masterly ability and lion-like courage with which he has fought this rebellion in all the vicissitudes of its career—your Secretary of War—who, were he here, could bear testimony to the truthfulness of my words. He looked upon that scene, and the country needs not now to be told that he looked upon it with scorn and defiance. [Here the audience, rising to their feet, gave three cheers for Secretary Stanton.]"

TWO VOICES FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

Several gentlemen have come from North Carolina to Washington to confer with the Government upon the subject of the reorganization of that State. Among them is the Hon. W. W. Holden, who is understood to be a representative of the Union men at the South who are sincerely glad of the triumph of the Government. He was indeed a delegate to the State Convention in 1861, and signed the ordinance of secession, because, as he says, escape was "physically and morally impossible." But for some time, as the editor of a paper at Raleigh, Mr. Holden has rebelled against the rebellion, and was the "Peace" or Union candidate for Governor against Vance. At a late Union meeting in Raleigh Mr. Holden made a speech which is worthy of attention as the authoritative statement of the present views of the white Union men at the South upon the subject of reorganization.

The colored Union citizens of North Carolina have also expressed their views. Let us compare the two plans. Which is the more just, constitutional, simple, and thorough?

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of Mr. Holden's exultation at the overthrow of the rebellion. He accepts emancipation. Regrets for slavery, he says, are now vain. "It remains for the people of this State, both in Convention and in the Legislature, to define the status and condition of this emancipated race." Mr. Holden says that he would educate the colored citizen; recognize his marriage relations; let him read his Bible and hold property, "but beyond that I leave him to the future action of the States themselves. . . . . . . The whole vast continent is destined to fall under the control of the Anglo-Saxon race—the governing and self-governing race. I look to the wisdom of the people in Convention to decide the relations of the two races."

Why white men are more the "people" of the State than colored men Mr. Holden omits to say. And what an American means by talking of a "governing race" is an interesting inquiry. Has Mr. Holden yet to learn that in this country the Government is not founded upon family, or race, or color, but upon the consent of the governed? He proposes to educate the colored men. Does he forget that a large proportion of the "governing race" in his State are themselves unable to read? Did it not occur to Mr. Holden that if the colored citizen who stood behind the platform and listened to his speech was yesterday a slave, he, the orator, was yesterday a rebel, who signed the ordinance of secession, however unwillingly, upon that very same spot?

This is one North Carolina plan of reorganization—that the Government of the United States shall concede the political disability of the only part of the population which has been always loyal, and commit their future and the tranquillity of the country to that part which has been in various degrees disloyal, and which regards the colored race as inferior and of unequal rights.

The other plan is presented in a petition from the colored citizens of North Carolina to the President. They confess that they are poor and greatly despised by their fellow-men, but they urge that they have tried to help those who upheld the old flag through all the rebellion—and hundreds of Union escaped prisoners can say how effectively they did it. They declare that they can not see the justice of denying the elective franchise to men who have been fighting for the country, while it is freely given to men who have just returned from five years' fighting against it. "As you were once a citizen of North Carolina," says the petition to the President, "we need not remind you that up to the year 1835 free colored men voted in this State, and never, as we have heard, with any detriment to its interest. What we desire is, that preliminary to elections in the returning States *you would order the enrollment of all loyal men without regard to color.*"

Surely no plan could be more just, more simple, more constitutional, and more effective. This will bring "the people of this State" into a convention as Mr. Holden wishes. And if this is not done, if an arbitrary enfranchisement is made, based upon complexion, or height, or age, or property, or weight, or size, how can Congress acknowledge the government that may result as the republican form of government which it is constitutionally bound to secure to every State?

OUR ARTISTS DURING THE WAR.

The soldiers are marching home, and with them the noble army of artists. The national debt to these latter gentlemen should be fully recognized. There was never a war before of which the varying details, the striking and picturesque scenes, the sieges, charges, and battles by land and sea, and all the innumerable romantic incidents of a great struggle have been presented to the eye of the world by the most skillful and devoted artists. To them we owe the national familiarity with the features of our famous soldiers, sailors, and statesmen. It is they who have enabled the poorest boy in the land to own a portrait of the bravest hero. All over the country thousands and thousands of the faces and events which the war has made illustrious are tacked and pinned and pasted upon the humblest walls. Whole regiments have had portraits of a beloved officer, whole corps of a commander; and they owe the precious pleasure to the quick brain and nimble hand of the artists.

The pictorial history of the war which they have written with their pencils in the field, upon their knees, upon a knapsack, upon a bulwark, upon a drum-head, upon a block, upon a canteen, upon a wet deck, in the gray dawn, in the dusk twilight, with freezing or fevered fingers; upon horseback, in ambulances, under a shed, in a tent; under the sky, in snow and rain and sunshine; from the bough of a tree through which the bullets sang; from a corner of the deck over which the shells whistled and crashed; in the glow of victory, in the rage of defeat—this is a history quivering with life, faithful, terrible, romantic, the value of which will grow with every year.

We may be pardoned for special pride in our own artists who have gone through all the long and stirring campaigns of this war, commemorating its most interesting incidents and noted men, so that the volumes of the *Weekly* are really a vivid history of the struggle. Messrs. A. R. Waud, Theodore R. Davis, William Waud, Robert Weir, Andrew M'Callum, A. W. Warren, and others, have not been less busy and scarcely less imperiled than the soldiers. They have made the weary marches and dangerous voyages. They have shared the soldier's fare; they have ridden and waded, and climbed and floundered, always trusting in lead pencils and keeping their paper dry. When the battle began they were there. They drew the enemy's fire as well as our own. The fierce shock, the heaving tumult, the smoky sway of battle from side to side, the line, the assault, the victory—they were a part of all, and their faithful fingers, depicting the scene, have made us a part also.

Meanwhile the most careful and admirable series of memorable portraits by Mr. W. S. L. Jewett has constantly adorned our paper, and the rough sketches of battles and incidents, hastily sent from the field or the deck, have been faithfully and skillfully elaborated by Mr. S. Eytinge. Mr. Thomas Nast is already known to our readers. With such eyes and hands it will be a sly interesting incident or a cunning famous face which escapes proper treatment in the *Weekly*.

"WHO'LL BE CHIEF MOURNER?"

The Rev. M. D. Conway gives in the *Commonwealth* this agreeable sketch of the late performance of Fernando Wood in London. Mr. Wood left for Paris immediately after the play, and, as we learn, took no part in the meeting called by Mr. Adams, our minister to England:

"You may judge of the scorn with which Americans in London read in Thursday morning's papers the following notice:

"'Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you will state that a meeting of the Americans in London will be held at this hotel to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, with reference to some appropriate expression of sentiment concerning the lamentable intelligence from the United States.

"'Very truly yours,

"'Fernando Wood.

"'Grosvenor Hotel, Pimlico, April 26.'"

"It was seen through in a moment. A goodly number of loyal Americans went there determined to prevent this sneaking effort of Wood to be the American representative and paragon of patriotism here (where he has been for two weeks), and there was in the room ready for use a certain message of his recommending the very proper and praiseworthy destruction of the United States as a good moment for the secession of New York City. When we had all been seated in silence for a few moments, a model waiter of the aristocratic Grosvenor Hotel came to the door and proclaimed, 'Gentlemen! the Honorable Fernando Wood!' As that sleek and oily individual walked in, slow and stately, some individual began a clap with his hands—whereupon he was utterly covered up and hidden away beneath spontaneous hushes and hisses from every throat. Fernando caught the hurricane in his breast, staggered a little, then went on to the upper part of the room. Some one then proposed that he (Wood) should take the chair; but almost before the motion had passed from his lips, Dr. Black, of Kentucky, entered the door and called out: 'Gentlemen, I have come from the residence of the American minister, and have a message from a number of eminent Americans there to those who have gathered here.' Dr. B. then said that it was the opinion of Mr. Adams and the gentlemen in consultation with him that a general meeting of Americans should be held in St. James's Hall on Monday evening, and that all should reserve any minor expression until then. The Woodite thought that this meeting might go on; but he was interrupted by a call to adjourn. The next attempt was to thank Fernando Wood for calling us together; but Rev. Cramond Kennedy, sub-agent with Dr. Hayne for the freedmen, mounted a chair and asked if Americans needed to thank any man for calling them together; whereupon the motion to thank not being put, the crowd left the room to Wood and his friend. You may think this manifestation of feeling harsh; but I assure you that it was what the human nature of honorable men was not able to stand, to behold the countenance of one who had devoted his life to strengthening the arm that has covered America with devastation and grief, in the very hour when that arm had filled up the measure of its iniquities."

THE PROPRIETIES.

An ingenious patriot in Philadelphia, with a keen sense of propriety, suggests that the sympathetic Copperheads should wear petticoats for thirty days in honor of Jefferson Davis.

"THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC."

The Rev. W. H. Milburn has been invited by thirty of the most eminent Episcopal clergymen of the city to deliver a new lecture with this title at Irving Hall on the evening of June 1 at eight o'clock. Mr. Milburn's accomplishments as a popular orator are well and widely known. His misfortune of blindness always commends him to peculiar sympathy; and his long residence at the South ought to enable him to give valuable testimony as to the probable public sentiment in that region.

LITERARY.

Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer, the author of "Orion" and of many popular tales and sketches in the magazines, a lady who has had ample practical experience, and who enters upon her work with ardor and resolution, has been placed in the chief editorial charge of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, of which she has been for some time assistant editor. We anticipate for the paper a renewed success in her skillful hands.

"O Mother Dear Jerusalem. The Old Hymn; its Origin and Genealogy," edited by William C. Prime (A. F. D. Randolph), is the title of a very tasteful little volume, in which the accomplished editor has performed a labor of love, for which he will have the hearty thanks of all historical and religious scholars. Mr. Prime traces the rise of the poem in the writings of the Christian fathers and the old Latin hymns with admirable conciseness and clearness. In no accessible form in this country is it so well presented as in his little book.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The great affair of the week is the grand review of the national armies at Washington. This is the happiest event of the war—that to which our armies have looked forward in many a weary march and hard-fought battle. It was rather a grand panoramic spectacle than a review. Nature was propitious to the soldiers, and spread over them a curtain of clear blue. As we go to press we know only of the first day of the spectacle. The Army of the Potomac, on Tuesday, May 23, passed through Washington. The Ninth Corps held the advance, the Fifth Corps followed, and then came the Second, followed by Sheridan's cavalry. We shall next week be able to give a detailed account of the review, accompanied by illustrations.

On the 22d of May President Johnson issued an important proclamation regulating trade in certain ports and in the interior Southern States. He opens the ports closed some time since by President Lincoln, except those of Texas; and he withdraws from this date all pretense of belligerent rights—thus putting blockade-runners and contraband traders out of legal protection of any sort. He also removes nearly all restrictions upon trade inland east of the Mississippi.

It is now established beyond doubt that Jefferson Davis was caught disguised in woman's clothes. The following is from the Savannah *Herald:*

"Davis, however, had the self-possession to make a most desperate attempt to escape. It appears that, during the fighting, Mrs. Davis had arrayed her husband in her own dress, put on him her hood, and tied her scarf about his head so as to conceal his face completely. When thus disguised, the late President of the Confederacy bore a decided resemblance to an old woman. Mrs. Davis took one of his arms and Mrs. Davis's sister the other; and thus, apparently supporting the tottering steps of the old lady, attempted to make away from the scene of conflict into a neighboring swamp.

"Four of Pritchard's men stopped the trio, however, when a piteous appeal was made to them by the pseudo-daughters to allow them to conduct their poor old mother out of the range of the bullets. One of the soldiers promptly replied that he 'couldn't see it—that they were after Jeff Davis; he was here somewhere, and they meant to have him.' Dismounting, he took off the hood, and, instead of an old lady, found the well-known features of Jeff Davis beneath it.

"The officers and other members of the fleeing party were easily secured.

"Before daylight the forces started on their return to Macon, where, on his arrival, Colonel Pritchard dispatched the news of his glorious success to General Wilson. He was immediately ordered to Augusta with his captures.

"From Augusta he was ordered to conduct his prisoners forthwith to Washington. He accordingly embarked on board the steamer *Standish* Sunday night, reaching this city at an early hour this morning. Here Colonel Pritchard's party was transferred to the *Emilie*, which immediately started for Hilton Head. At Fort Pulaski the *Emilie* was met by the *W. W. Colt* with General Gillmore, Judge Chase, and others, who went on board the *Emilie*.

"We are told by those who saw Jeff Davis that his appearance is but little altered from what it was four years ago. He seemed to be in good health, and little cast down in spirits. When the prisoners were transferred from the *Standish* to the *Emilie* he remarked, with a smile, as he stepped upon the gang-plank connecting the two steamers, 'Now, Jeff Davis, you've got to walk the plank!'

"A. H. Stephens, General Wheeler and three of his staff, C. C. Clay, of Alabama, Colonel Lubbock, Ex-Governor of Texas, Colonel Thomas, Captain Moody, John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General, Colonel Johnston, brother of General Joseph E. Johnston, are also prisoners."

NEWS ITEMS.

In the neighborhood of Fort Pillow the negro troops now in the United States service have a lively remembrance of the wicked massacre of their kinsmen at the capture of that post. This remembrance, it appears, has grown into action in most dangerous form, and a plot has been discovered, concocted by the negroes, to massacre all the paroled rebel prisoners at Memphis. Fortunately the discovery was made in time to prevent the work; but still there was a sharp collision between our white and black troops, which ended by driving the negroes into the fort from which they were marching, with a loss of about twenty of them killed and wounded.

Dispatches from Nashville announce the capture of ex-Governor Isham G. Harris, the last rebel Executive of Tennessee. It is added that some of the State archives, and $600,000 in specie, belonging to the State, were also secured.

General Washburne, lately in command at Memphis, has been superseded, and General John E. Smith administers in his place.

Major-General Sedgwick's sword, worn by him on the day of his death, has been presented to the Connecticut Legislature.

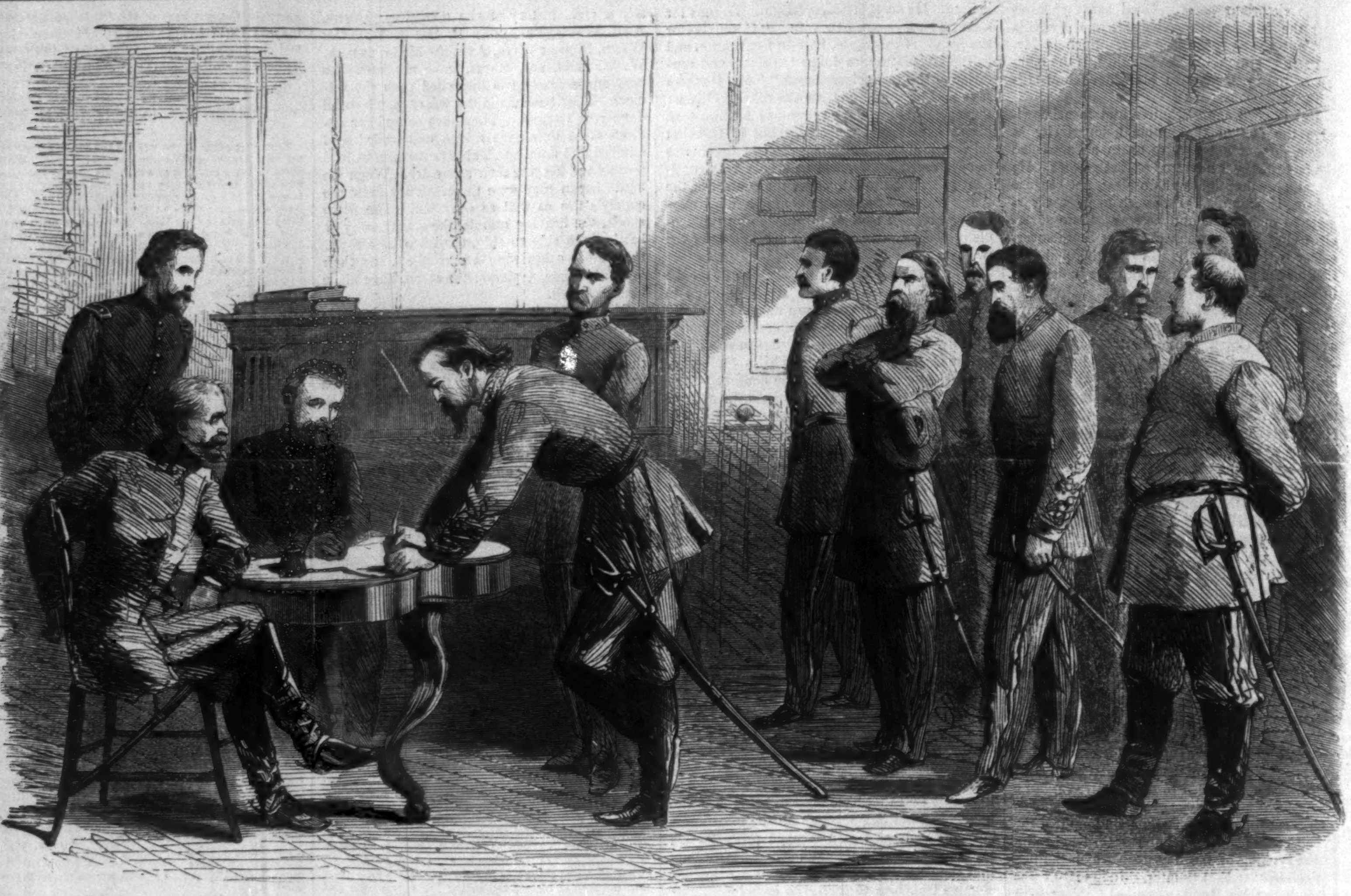
A dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* states that John Surratt left Washington the morning after the murder, at 6.15 A.M., going *via* Philadelphia and New York to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he was delayed by trains missing connection, and remained all day. He then took the cars and went direct to Burlington, where, in getting his supper, he dropped his handkerchief with his name marked upon it. At St. Albans he left the train and proceeded on foot to Canada, where he went part way by rail and part on foot to Montreal, where he was secreted by some of the sympathizers, and on the morning of the 20th he had an interview with George N. Sanders. He then left and went in the direction of a monastery. He was known to be in that vicinity that day, and can not since be found or heard of. It is probable that he is within their walls.

General Molineux, of New York, took formal possession of Augusta on May 6, and found about one hundred thousand bales of cotton, ten million dollars' worth of ordnance and other rebel stores, and forty-five thousand dollars in bullion. A part of Jeff Davis's specie train was captured, and one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars of gold secured. The Savannah River has been opened to Savannah, and the railroad communication froum Louisville, Kentucky, to Charleston will soon be complete.

On the 19th of May Davis and his fellow-prisoners arrived at Fortress Monroe, from Hilton Head, on board the steamer *W. H. Clyde*. On the 22d Davis and Clay parted from their families, and were with the other prisoners confined in Fortress Monroe.

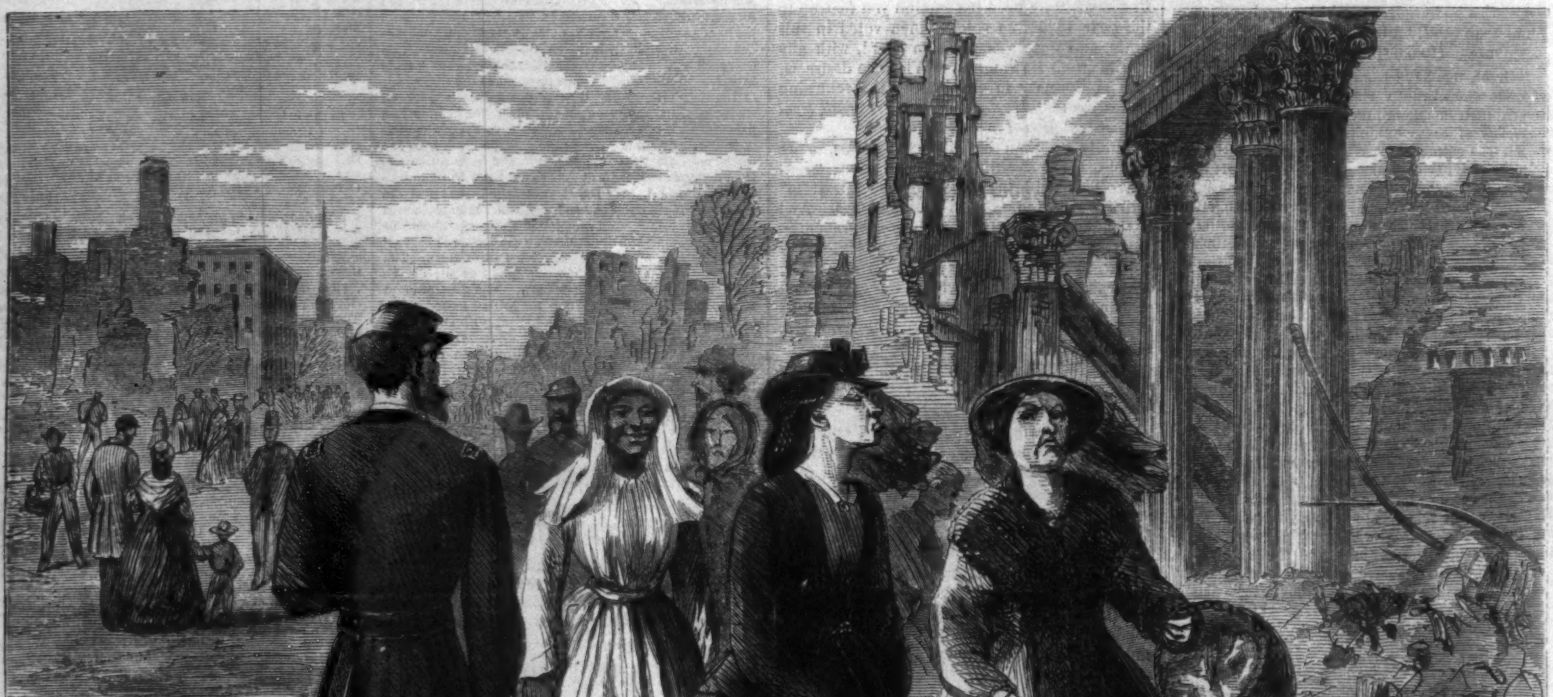
The late rebel Governor Brown, of Georgia, reached Washington May 18, under guard, and was placed in the Old Capitol prison.

One of the Canada papers says: "Dr. Blackburn, for more than a year past a guest at the St. Lawrence Hall, and accused of forwarding from Bermuda bales of infected goods to spread the pest in Northern cities, has been arrested through a warrant issued in Toronto. Dr. Blackburn has become a Catholic, and received baptism the day before yesterday at the St. Lawrence Hall. When he left for Toronto, and while parting from his friends, he shed tears, and said to them, 'I am entirely innocent; but I have a secret presentiment that I am about to be delivered to the North, because I am being taken to Upper Canada.' He started by special train, and in the custody of police officers from Toronto. It is but a few days since Rev. Mr. Cameron, the special messenger of the raiders to Richmond, joined the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. Dr. Blackburn has just taken the same step; and other raiders, such as Mr. Young, have gone already so far as to announce that they had abandoned their Protestant prejudices." It appears from Weichman's testimony, given at the trial of the conspirators at Washington, that Mrs. Surratt was a good Catholic, as were others of those associated with her in guilt. She meditated murder for weeks, and yet all that time went regularly to her church, appearing as usual at the confessional and attending Mass.



PAROLING REBEL PRISONERS AT GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

[Sketched by Davis.]



RICHMOND LADIES GOING TO RECEIVE GOVERNMENT RATIONS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See the First Page.]

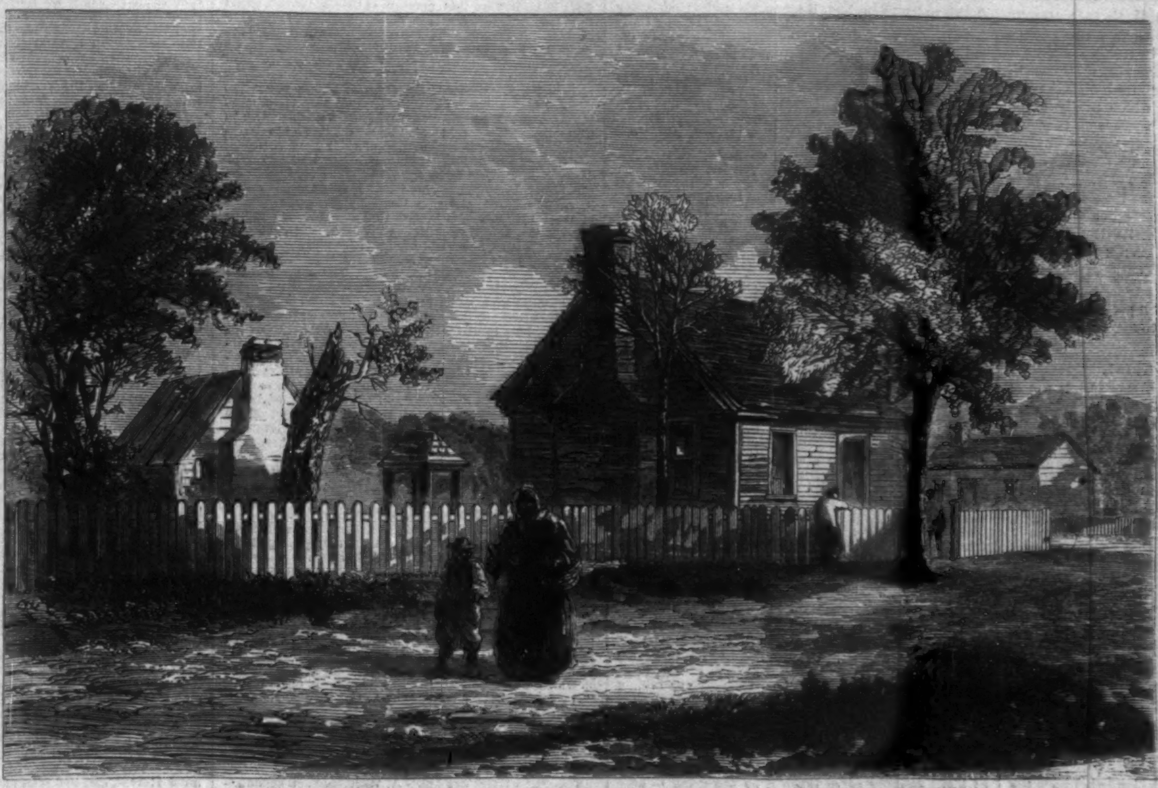
"Don't you think that Yankee must feel like shrinking into his boots before such high-toned Southern ladies as we?"

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

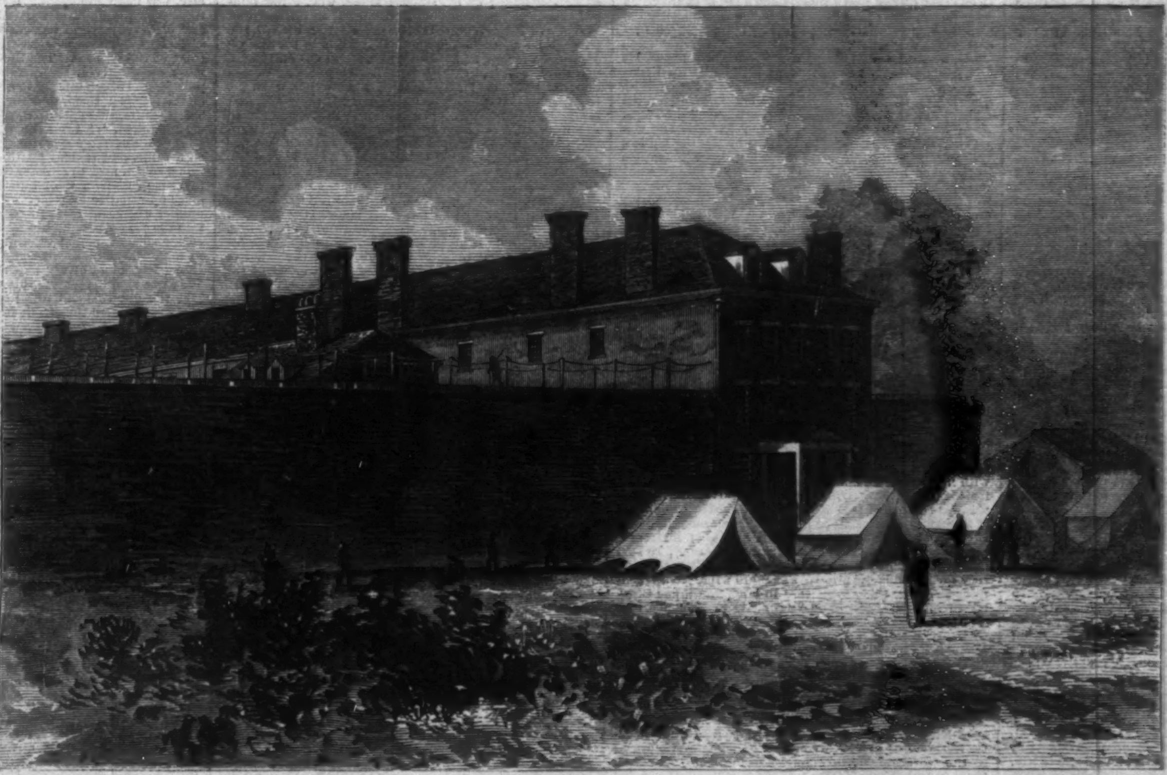
THE record of the trial of the conspirators at Washington forms a memorable portion of the history of the rebellion. A portion of this record we endeavor this week to lay before our readers. The trial is likely to be prolonged beyond the limits at first fixed by the popular expectation.

The building in which the trial is held is that in which the prisoners have been confined since their removal from the *Saugus* and *Montauk*. It is the old Penitentiary building, now included in the arsenal grounds, about 300 feet long by 50 feet wide, and built of brick. The west front of the building is upon the banks of the Potomac. There is a popular report which locates the last resting-place of the assassin BOOTH under a portion of the building. The room selected for the trial is on the north side of the east wing, and measures 30 feet by 40. The prisoners' dock extends 20 feet along the west wall, and is on a slightly-raised platform, surrounded by a plain railing. The Court sits at a large table on the north side; and on the left and facing the prisoners is the witness-stand. The names of the prisoners are as follow: Dr. SAMUEL MUDD, DAVID C. HAROLD, LEWIS PAYNE, EDWARD SPANGLER, MICHAEL O'LOUGHLIN, J. W. ATZEROTT, SAMUEL ARNOLD, and Mrs. SURRATT.

At the opening of the trial Dr. MUDD appeared calm and attentive. ARNOLD was restless and nervous. PAYNE, dressed in a gray woolen shirt, preferred to gaze on the prospect outside of the window. He had a listless, dreamy look, and his dark hair, irregularly parted, hung over a masculine face, clouding a pair of dark-blue eyes. O'LOUGHLIN was watchful, keenly observing every movement in the room. His forehead is broad, but low, and covered with a bushy head of hair. His eyes are dark; his complexion pale and bloodless, with a heavy black imperial and mustache. ATZEROTT, but for his manacles, it is said, might be taken for a spectator. His hair and beard are of a reddish, sandy color, and his eyes are light.—Mrs. SURRATT appeared at first quiet and self-possessed. She is a stout woman, of about forty-five.



BIRTH-PLACE OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON, RALEIGH, N. C.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

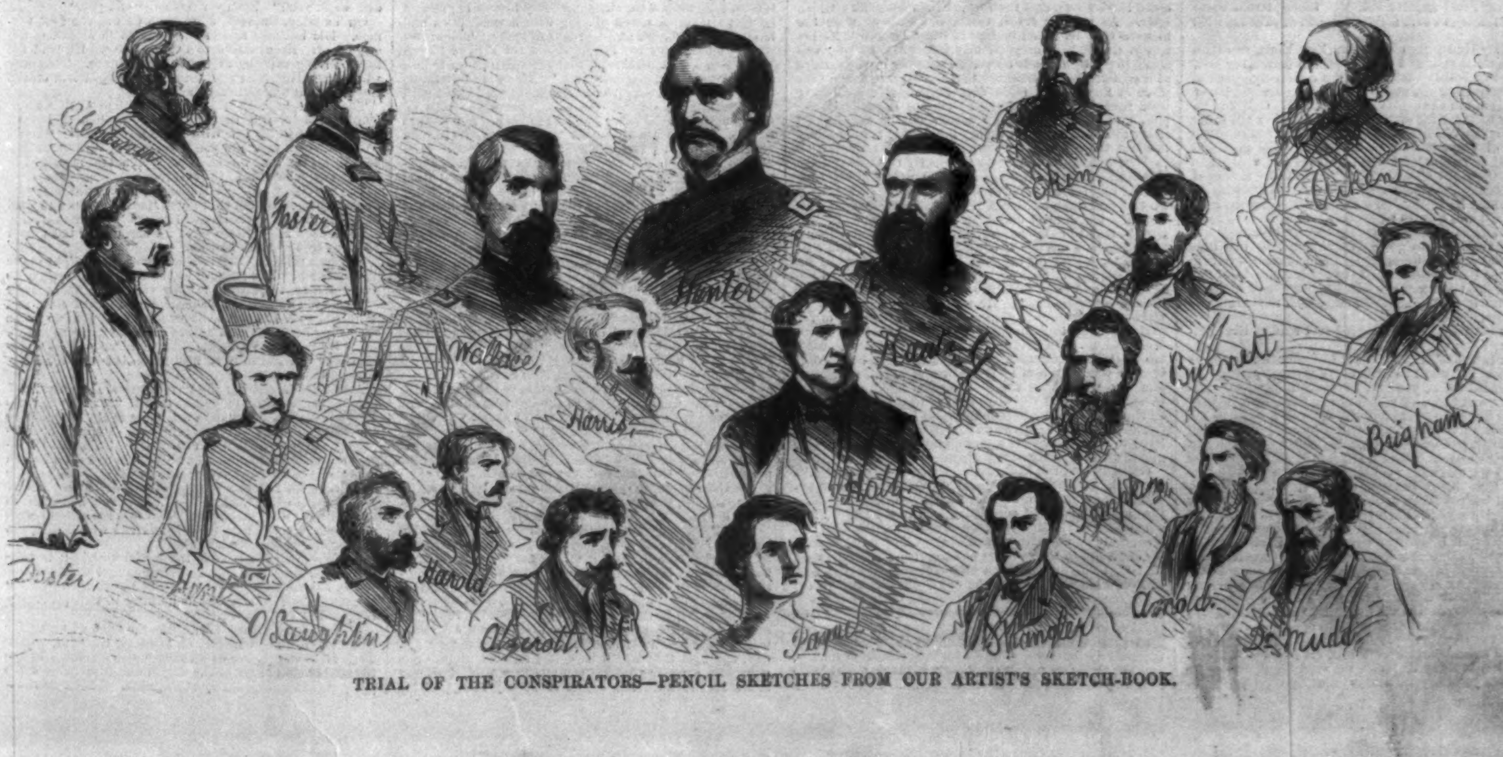


PENITENTIARY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, IN WHICH THE CONSPIRATORS ARE CONFINED AND UNDERGOING TRIAL.
[SKETCHED BY JOSEPH HANSHEW.]

The Court consists of the following officers: Major-General DAVID HUNTER, Major-General LEW WALLACE, Brevet Major-General AUGUST VON KAUTZ, Brigadier-Gen. ALBION P. HOWE, Brigadier-Gen. ROBERT S. FOSTER, Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES A. EKIN, Brigadier-General T. W. HARRIS, Brevet Colonel C. H. TOMPKINS, Lieut.-Colonel CLENDENIN, and Brigadier-Gen. JOSEPH HOLT, Judge-Advocate.

Employed as counsel for the accused are Mr. THOMAS EWING, Attorney STONE, WALTER S. COX, Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, and Messrs. AIKEN and CLAMPETT. Colonel W. E. DOSTER appears for PAYNE and ATZEROTT.

The testimony thus far given points in three directions: first, toward the identification of the accused; secondly, toward their intimate association with each other; and, thirdly, toward the complicity with them of the rebel authorities at Richmond and their commissioned agents in Canada. The two chief witnesses in fixing guilt upon the accused are WEICHMAN and LLOYD. The existence of an extensive conspiracy has been abundantly proved, but the measure of guilt attaching to the different conspirators is various. In regard to Mrs. SURRATT, there can scarcely be any doubt of the deepest guilt on her part. She not only harbored the principal criminals, but took a prominent part in the whole conspiracy. WEICHMAN, the principal witness against her, was a clerk in the War Department; yet, although so intimately acquainted with the parties—boarding, as he did, for several months at Mrs. SURRATT'S, so well was the secret of the conspiracy kept that he was never aware of their final purpose. It is proved that Dr. MUDD had a near relation to BOOTH and his accomplices, and his conduct when first questioned by the officers in pursuit of BOOTH will go hard against him. In regard to PAYNE there can be no question.—O'LOUGHLIN is deeply implicated by the testimony, though how far his actual knowledge of the intended crime rendered him an active participant is still uncertain. There is still more uncertainty in ARNOLD'S



TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS—PENCIL SKETCHES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

case. It seems quite probable that SPANGLER actively and knowingly participated in BOOTH'S crime. Against ATZEROTT the testimony weighs heavily. It is proved that GEORGE N. SANDERS did know BOOTH, notwithstanding his statements to the contrary—statements which must, in the light of the evidence, induce a suspicion of guilt. It is known that the Confederate agents in Canada had immense sums of money on deposit, to be occupied in the most nefarious schemes. It is proved by documentary evidence that JEFFERSON DAVIS received letters from murderous villains offering to rid the confederacy of its deadliest enemies, and these letters bear DAVIS'S indorsement referring them to the attentive consideration of the rebel War Department.

But as yet the record is only a partial one. We give below a large portion of the testimony delivered in court.

RECORD OF THE TRIAL.

The trial opened on Wednesday, May 10. It was at first determined that the proceedings should be secret, and this rule was observed during the first three days. On the 13th the press reporters were admitted, and the testimony taken during the previous days was allowed to be published. The charge made against the accused was that they had conspired with John Wilkes Booth for the murder of President Lincoln, Vice-President Johnson, Secretary Seward, and Lieut.-General Grant. With Booth as principal were joined the names of Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, and other rebel agents in Canada. It formed an important part of the charge that the purpose of the conspirators, in the execution of their bloody work, was to aid the then existing rebellion. One of the specifications of the charge was that the accused, with the encouragement of the above-named principals, carried out the details of their conspiracy within the limits of the Military Department of Washington. The specific charge relating to Booth, deceased, was that he killed President Lincoln. That against Spangler was that he aided Booth in the execution of his crime and in escaping from Ford's Theatre. Against Harold the charge was for assistance in the act and in the escape of the murderer. Against Lewis Payne the infliction of wounds intended to be mortal on Secretary Seward, his sons Frederick and Augustus Seward, and Emrick W. Hansel and George F. Robertson. Against Atzerott the intent to murder Vice-President Johnson. Against O'Loughlin a similar design upon the life of Lieutenant-General Grant. Against Arnold, assistance rendered to Booth, Payne, Atzerott, and O'Loughlin. Against Mrs. Surratt the harboring, concealment, and assistance of all the conspirators, with knowledge of their purpose. Against Samuel A. Mudd for aid and encouragement of the conspirators, with like knowledge of their murderous intentions.

The first two days of the trial no testimony appears to have been taken. The testimony given on Friday, the 12th, has been published, the ban of secrecy having been removed.

The first witness for the prosecution was Henry Van Steinacker, an engineer officer of the rebel Topographical Department, on the staff of General Edward Johnston. This officer testified that on the withdrawal of the rebel army from Gettysburg he was commissioned to convey a sick comrade to his home at Staunton. On his way back to the army he was overtaken at Swift-Run Gap, near Harrisonburg, by three citizens, one of whom was John Wilkes Booth and another a Mr. Shepherd. He was with them nearly twenty-four hours, and talked familiarly with them. Booth asked him about the prospects of the Confederacy. He replied that it seemed to him rather gloomy. Booth said that was nonsense; if they only acted right the Confederacy would gain its independence. Booth added that "Old Abe must go up the spout"—a common expression signifying that he must be killed—and that this must happen when the Confederacy was nearly whipped, all other means having failed. This sentiment was assented to by his companions. Steinacker's horse was broken down, but Booth and his party were splendidly mounted, and outrode him. Three or four days afterward Steinacker, having reached the Stonewall Brigade, met Booth and his companions at the camp of the Second Virginia Regiment, and was personally introduced to them by Captain Randolph. That evening there was a secret meeting, to which Steinacker was not admitted. But he afterward learned that the purpose of the meeting was to send certain officers on detached service to Canada and the borders to deliver prisoners, lay Northern cities in ashes, to get the members of the Federal Cabinet into their power, and to kill President Lincoln. That this was the main purpose of the meeting he had heard a thousand times. The person who gave him the account of the proceedings of the meeting was Lieutenant Cockerell, of the Second Virginia, and belonging to the same Company of which Captain Beall, recently executed, was a member. Indeed Cockerell informed him that Beall belonged to this detached service, and would soon be heard from. Booth associated familiarly with the officers in camp. Steinacker had frequently heard the "Golden Circle" and the "Sons of Liberty" spoken of as societies existing for the furtherance of certain objects of the Confederacy. During the last year or two, since the great reverses of the Confederacy had commenced, he had heard it frequently said in the rebel service that President Lincoln must be assassinated. He had heard this statement made in Richmond by those connected with the rebel Government frequently. This was the case after the battle of Chancellorville, when Kilpatrick was raiding about Richmond. This sentiment in regard to the necessity of murdering President Lincoln was generally assented to in the service. What was called the "detached service," was understood as a nickname for arson, pillage, and murder. It was thought that these wanton barbarities would make the North dissatisfied with the war.

Mrs. Mary Hudspeth, of Harlem, New York, was then called upon the stand. In the month of November last, according to this lady's testimony, she was riding upon the Third Avenue Railroad, and overheard the conversation of two gentlemen in the same car with herself. One of them was going to Newburg or Newbern that night; the other would leave for Washington two days after. She observed that one of them wore false whiskers. This man was young, and corresponded to the picture of Booth. He had a scar on the right cheek, and appeared to be a man of some refinement, in which respect he differed from his associate, whom he called Johnson. Booth had a gauntlet on one hand, and a pistol in his belt. She observed them exchange letters. Johnson appeared angry because it had not fallen to his lot to go to Washington; he had been called elsewhere by a messenger. She had some letters to post, and as the gentlemen left the car her daughter, seeing an envelope on the floor, said she had dropped one of them. This envelope, however, she found to contain two letters not her own.

The letters were then presented and read to the Commission, as follows:

"DEAR LOUIS,—The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you every thing depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful, solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback—Abe must die, and now. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the knife, the bullet. The cup failed us, and might again. Johnson, who will give this, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he can not wreak it upon the fountain-head, he will upon some of the blood-thirsty generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated; and as I am writing—on my way to Detroit—I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friend. Your disguises are so perfect and complete that, without one knew your face, no police telegraphic dispatch would catch you. The English gentleman, Harcourt, must not act hastily. Remember, he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike [illegible]. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories; not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do any thing but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reason for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the West; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Sanders is doing us no good in Canada.

"Believe me, your brother in love,

"CHARLES SELBY."

"ST. LOUIS, *Oct.* 21, 1864.

"DEAREST HUSBAND,—Why do you not come home? You left me for ten days only, and you now have been from home more than two weeks. In that long time only sent me one short note—a few cold words—and a check for money, which I did not require. What has come over you? Have you forgotten your wife and child? Baby calls for papa until my heart aches. We are so lonely without you. I have written to you again and again, and, as a last resource, yesterday wrote to Charlie, begging him to see you and tell you to come home. I am so ill, not able to leave my room; if I was, I would go to you, wherever you were, if in this world. Mamma says I must not write any more, as I am too weak. Louis, darling, do not stay away any longer from your heart-broken wife.

LEENEA."

This occurrence in the car was on the day General Butler left New York. Mrs. Hudspeth took the letters to General Scott, and was by him referred to General Dix.

The Judge Advocate at this point offered as evidence a memorandum of G. W. Bunker, clerk of the National Hotel, Washington, giving a record of his appearances at that house from October, 1864 to April 14, 1865. According to this record Booth had arrived there November 9, leaving on the 11th; arrived again on the 14th, leaving the 16th. The next arrival was December 22, leaving 24th; the next, December 31, leaving January 10; the next, January 12. February 22 he occupied room No. 231, with John H. Wentworth and John M'Cullough. He arrived again March 25, leaving April 1; again April 8, the name of A. Cox standing below his on the register.

The next witness called was William E. Wheeler, who testified that he was in Canada last autumn, and in October or November saw Booth in conversation with George N. Sanders in front of St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal.

John Deveney was then called, and testified to having seen Booth in conversation with Sanders on another occasion in St. Lawrence Hotel. They seemed to be talking confidentially. They drank together. The next time Deveney saw Booth was on the steps of the Kirkwood Hotel, in Washington, about five o'clock P.M. on the day of the assassination. Deveney was conversing with a Sergeant Callan in regard to the performance to come off at Ford's in the evening, when Booth passed him and addressed him. Deveney asked Booth if he was going to play there again. The latter replied No, he was in the oil business. Deveney laughed, it being a common joke to talk about the oil business. It was not long after this dialogue that he saw Booth coming down street mounted on a bay horse. The next he saw of Booth was just after the assassination in the theatre, when he was making his escape across the stage.

Lieutenant-General Grant was the next witness. He had met Jacob Thompson in connection with his Vicksburg campaign, early in 1863. The army lay opposite Vicksburg, at Milliken's Bend and Young's Point. A little boat was discovered coming up on the opposite shore, apparently trying to avoid detection. A little tug was sent after it, and reaching it, the men on the tug found a white flag sticking out of the stern and Jacob Thompson in it. They brought him to Porter's flag-ship, and there Grant had an interview with him. Thompson's business was unimportant. He stated that he had been offered any military commission he wanted, and preferring something more like a civil appointment, he had accepted the office of Inspector-General in the rebel service.

The next witness, Samuel P. Jones, was a blind man from Richmond, who testified that he had heard sums offered by rebel officers, to be paid in Confederate money, to any person or persons who would kill President Lincoln. The subject was a topic of general conversation among rebel officers. He had heard statements to the effect that they had agents undertaking to do the murder.

Samuel Knapp Chester was then sworn. This man was an actor, who had known Booth for ten or eleven years, most of that time quite intimately. Early in November last he met Booth in New York, and had asked him why he was not acting. Booth replied that he did not intend to act again in this part of the country; that he had taken his wardrobe to Canada, and intended to run the blockade. Booth played in "Julius Cæsar" on the 25th, and about that time Chester met him, and was asked to walk with him, and if he knew of some costumers to fit him out for his character. Asking him where his own wardrobe was, Booth replied that it was still in Montreal in charge of a friend. Booth said he had a big speculation in hand. He was not talking about the oil business; and some friends joking him about this latter a while after, he said he had a better speculation than that on hand, and one they would not laugh at. He afterward wrote from Washington that he was speculating in land, and urged Chester to join him. In January (or late in December) he came again to New York, and visited Chester at his house, 45 Grove Street. They went together to the House of Lords, on Houston Street, and staid there an hour, eating and drinking. Booth had spoken often of his speculation, but never saying just what it was. Going to another saloon for a while, Chester started for home, but was urged by Booth to walk farther. They took Fourth Street to get out of the crowd, as Booth wanted to talk about the speculation. In the course of this walk Booth told Chester that he was in a large conspiracy to capture the heads of the Government, including the President, and take them to Richmond. Chester asked if this was the speculation he wished him to enter into, and Booth replied that it was. Chester refused; and upon saying that he could not do it, if only for the sake of his family, Booth said that he himself had two or three thousand dollars that he could leave them, and then urged the matter for half an hour. At parting Booth threatened Chester with the menace that he would be hunted down for life if he betrayed the plot. The particular part which Chester was asked to perform was to open the back-door of the theatre at a signal. Booth indicated that the capture would take place at Ford's Theatre, in Washington. He said there were from fifty to one hundred persons engaged in the plot, and that there were "parties on the other side" ready to co-operate with them; but he did not distinctly mention the rebel Government. After the conversation on Fourth Street Booth wrote frequently to Chester from Washington, urging him and sending money; at one time he sent fifty dollars. This was in January. In February Booth again came to New York, and again solicited Chester. He told him of one John Matthews, whom he had tried to involve in the matter, but without success. Booth said that there was plenty of money in the affair, and that if Chester would do his part he would never want for money. He said that during Forrest's engagements the President and some members of the Cabinet came to the theatre very frequently. He remarked that just now he was short of funds, and that either himself or some of the party must go to Richmond to obtain means to carry out their designs. On Friday, the 7th of April, just one week before the assassination, Booth was again in New York. Chester was with him at the House of Lords, and heard him say, "What an excellent chance I had to kill the President, if I had wished, on inauguration-day! I was on the stand as close to him nearly as I am to you."

The testimony rendered on this first day of the trial related to the existence of a conspiracy for several months, and to the complicity of prominent rebel authorities.

On Saturday, the 13th, the press reporters were admitted to the court-room. General T. W. Harris rose to object to the admission of Reverdy Johnson as counsel, on the ground that that gentleman had, in a letter written when the Maryland Convention was being held with reference to the adoption of a new Constitution, expressed his disregard of the sanctity of an oath. Johnson replied that that opinion could not be tortured to any such conclusion. He protested that he was loyal, and that his detestation of every one concerned in the assassination was not exceeded by that of any member of the court. His opinion in the matter of the Maryland Convention had been not that an oath was unobligatory, but that although the prescription itself of the oath was without authority, and was therefore a nullity, there was yet no moral harm in taking it. General Harris still insisted that Mr. Johnson's letter implied that members of the Convention might take the oath, and then act without reference to its obligations. If that was not the case then he was unable to understand the English language. Certain it was that a large number of members of the Convention did disregard the sanctity of the oath taken by them. Johnson again rose to reply. He said that General Harris seemed to suppose that because he had said there was no harm in taking the oath he had meant that there was no harm in breaking it if taken. If his words were liable to misrepresentation, still his explanation of their meaning could not be held insufficient without a direct imputation of falsehood. He then digressed from the subject to eulogize the people of Maryland, and said they were the equals morally and patriotically of the General's fellow-citizens of West Virginia. He denied that any member of the Convention, acting upon his opinion, had taken the oath with the intention of violating its obligations. But even if General Harris's objection were founded in fact it had no validity in the matter at hand. The court was not competent to measure the moral character of the counsel. If there was a prejudice against him it could only injure his client, but not the court. Harris replied to this that the provisions made by the court required an oath of the counsel, and that this provision gave validity to the objection. He accepted, however, Mr. Johnson's explanation as satisfactory. Johnson then rose again, and claimed that the court had no right to administer the oath to him. He had taken it in the Senate of the United States, in the Circuit Court of Maryland, in the Supreme Court of the United States. Here Major-General Hunter interposed, and said that Mr. Johnson had made an intimation as to holding members of the court personally responsible. Mr. Johnson claimed that he had made no such intimation. General Hunter then remarked that he hoped the day had passed when freemen from the North were to be bullied and insulted by the humbug chivalry of the South.

The court then took a recess, and afterward deliberated on the matter in secret session. Upon the opening of the doors General Harris withdrew his objection.

Detective A. W. Lee was then put on the stand. He went to the Kirkwood House (where Vice-President Johnson was staying at the time of the assassination) on the 15th of April, and was then told by a friend that a suspicious-looking person had taken a room the day previous. Upon referring to the register he found there the name of E. A. Atzerott. Upon examining the room taken by this man he found a coat hanging on the wall, in the pockets of which were found three handkerchiefs, one marked "Mary R. Booth," another "F. A." or "F. E. Nelson," and a third "M. H.;" also a book containing a bank account held by John Wilkes Booth with the Bank of Ontario, Canada, for $455. Underneath the pillow of the bed he found a revolver, and under the mattresses some bowie-knives.

The next witness was Lewis A. Weichman, an acquaintance of John Surratt since 1859. He began to board at Mrs. Surratt's November 18, 1864. On the 15th of January, 1865, passing down Seventh Street with Surratt, the latter was hailed by Dr. Samuel Mudd, who, being himself introduced to Weichman, introduced to Surratt and Weichman John Wilkes Booth. The latter invited the party to his room in the National Hotel, and ordered cigars and wine for four. Mudd took Booth out and had a private interview, in which Surratt soon joined. Weichman was left alone for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the party returned and Mudd apologized for their absence, saying that he had private business with Booth who wished to purchase his farm. The private conversation still went on in the room, Weichman not hearing any thing that was said, and only observing that Booth cut the back of an envelope and made marks on it with a pencil. The three were seated at a table in the centre of the room. Booth after this interview called frequently at Mrs. Surratt's, calling generally for John H., and in his absence for Mrs. Surratt. These interviews were always private. Three weeks after Weichman became acquainted with Booth Atzerott came to Mrs. Surratt's. He called there ten or fifteen times, and was known by the young ladies of the house as "Port Tobacco." He had seen Atzerott once in the street when Booth was playing Pescarara, and going to the theatre he had also seen David C. Harold with Atzerott and Surratt; also another man named Hollohan. After the play he saw Booth, Atzerott, and Harold in confidential conversation at a restaurant near the theatre. Surratt kept two horses at Howard's stable. At this stable Weichman saw Atzerott on the day of the assassination at about half past two o'clock. He had himself gone there to hire a buggy for Mrs. Surratt. On the Tuesday previous to the assassination he had gone to the National Hotel to get Booth's buggy for Mrs. Surratt, she wishing Weichman to drive her into the country. Booth had sold his buggy but gave him $10 to hire one. He had on that Tuesday driven Mrs. Surratt into the country, ostensibly to see a Mr. Nothy who owed her some money. On Friday, the day of the assassination, he again drove Mrs. Surratt into the country, arriving at Surrattsville about half past four. She stopped at the house of Mr. Lloyd, where she staid two hours. She had taken with her two packages, one which she represented to be letters concerning her estate, and the other one, about six inches in diameter, and looking like two or three saucers wrapped in brown paper. Just before they set out for the country, at half past two, Booth called and had an interview of a few minutes with Mrs. Surratt. He had been there early in the month, Mrs. Surratt having sent for him. Mrs. Surratt returned home at about half past nine or ten in the evening. It was about three o'clock the next morning when Weichman first heard of the assassination. About ten minutes after the return of Mrs. Surratt from the country some one had rung at the door of Mrs. Surratt's house and she had answered the bell herself. Weichman, who was then at supper, heard footsteps going into the parlor and immediately going out. Weichman also testified that during the month of March Payne stopped at Mrs. Surratt's, calling himself Wood, and staid all night, leaving the next morning for Baltimore. About three weeks after he called again, and remained three days in the character of a Baptist minister. One day Weichman found on his table a false mustache. The same day he saw Payne and Surratt sitting on a bed playing with bowie-knives, and having also revolvers and four sets of spurs. The pistols were two long navy revolvers. About the 19th of March Weichman went with Surratt to the Heredon House to hire a room "for a delicate gentleman." Afterward he learned that Payne was at that house. He had seen Harold with Mrs. Surratt on several occasions. About the 17th of March a Mrs. Slader came to Mrs. Surratt's. She went to Canada and returned March 23. She then, as Weichman understood, went with John Surratt to Richmond. Mrs. Surratt had told him that Mrs. Slader was a blockade-runner, or bearer of dispatches. Surratt returned from Richmond April 3, bringing nine or eleven twenty-dollar gold pieces. He remained in the house about an hour and then said he was going to Montreal. He left that evening, and Weichman saw no more of him. Upon being told of the fall of Richmond Surratt had said that he did not believe it; he said he had seen Davis and Benjamin, and they had told him that it would not be evacuated. Surratt had written home from Montreal on the 12th and on the 14th of April. Weichman had been to Canada since parting with Surratt, and had then learned that the latter had arrived at Montreal on the 6th and returned to the States on the 12th, returning again on the 18th and engaging rooms in the St. Lawrence Hall. Upon being cross-examined Weichman testified that Mrs. Surratt was in the habit of having persons frequently come to her house. He said that she went regularly to the Catholic church, and her character, in a religious and moral sense, was every way exemplary. He also testified that on the day of the assassination Surratt was in search of a horse for Payne.

Robert R. Jones, clerk of the Kirkwood House, was the next witness. He identified Atzerott as a man who occupied a room in the Kirkwood House on the 14th of April. Jones had left Booth's card that day for Colonel Browning, Vice-President Johnson's secretary.

Mr. Lloyd, of Surrattsville, then took the stand. He had been acquainted with John Surratt since last December, and knew both Harold and Atzerott. All three of these men had been to his house six weeks before the assassination. They brought two carbines, some ammunition, and a rope 16 or 20 feet long. These articles were then concealed in the house. The Monday before the assassination Mrs. Surratt had called to say that the carbines would soon be wanted. She called again on the fatal Friday, and said they would be called for that night. She gave him a paper package containing a field-glass, and asked him to have two bottles of whisky ready, saying they would be called for that night. Booth and Harold came for these things that night about a quarter before twelve. Booth did not come in. They did not stay more than five minutes. They took away but one carbine, as Booth said his leg was broken and he could not take one. As they were leaving Booth said, "I am pretty certain we have assassinated the President and Secretary Seward." Lloyd received the news at nine the next morning.

On Monday, the 15th, the trial was resumed. Mrs. Mary Van Tine was called to the stand. Her testimony established the fact of an association between Booth and two of the accused—Arnold and O'Loughlin. These two took rooms in her house about the 10th of February, and Booth came there frequently to see them, sometimes calling three or four times if they happened to be out, and sometimes saying that they would find him at the stable. She once saw a pistol in the room. A respectable-looking mechanic once called and spent the night with them. These men said they were in the oil-trade. They roomed in the back parlor.

Henry Williams, a colored man, was the next witness. In March he had carried a letter from Booth to O'Loughlin.

J. P. Early testified that he was on the same car with O'Loughlin from Baltimore to Washington on the day before the assassination. The next day O'Loughlin was with Booth, and he did not see him again till four o'clock. O'Loughlin went to Baltimore on Saturday. Here he met his brother, who warned him that parties were after him. O'Loughlin had come with him on Thursday to Washington ostensibly to see the illumination.

Lieutenant Henderson was called, and testified that O'Loughlin was in Washington on Thursday and Friday, and had said he was to see Booth Friday morning.

Samuel R. Stuagg testified to an intimate acquaintance between Booth and O'Loughlin.

David Stanton testified that he saw O'Loughlin the night before the assassination at the house of Secretary Stanton. It was about half past ten o'clock, a crowd was there, and a band was serenading the Secretary and Lieutenant-General Grant, who was also present. O'Loughlin inquired as to the whereabouts of Secretary Stanton, and the latter was pointed out to him on the stoop. He saw O'Loughlin afterward on the *Montauk* when Booth's body was taken from the vessel. When O'Loughlin on Thursday night asked for the Secretary he had got in behind the latter and General Grant.

D. C. Reed, the next witness, had seen John H. Surratt in Washington on the night of the assassination, below the National Hotel, at about half past two o'clock. He had on a pair of new brass-plated spurs.

Petur Hattervull was the next witness. He kept a restaurant near Ford's Theatre, and testified to Booth's presence there a little past ten on the night of the assassination. He called for whisky, paid, and went immediately away. Ten minutes after he heard of the murder. He knew Harold, and had seen him there either on the night of the 14th or 13th. He asked if Booth had been there that afternoon. The time was six or seven o'clock.

The testimony of the next witness, Sergeant Joseph M. Dye, was more important. He was sitting in front of the theatre on the night of the 14th at about half past nine, and observed several persons whose conduct excited his suspicions. These persons were conferring together in front of the theatre. The first one attracting his notice was an elegantly-dressed gentleman, who came out of the passage and began talking to a rough-looking fellow; then another joined them, and the three conversed together. The well-dressed gentleman, who appeared to be the leader, remarked, "I think he will come out now." The President's carriage was standing there. The party waited a while, and several gentlemen came down and went into a saloon near by. After they went up again the best-dressed gentleman went into the saloon, and soon came out, appearing to be somewhat intoxicated. He stepped up and whispered to the rough-looking fellow, and went into the passage leading to the stage. Just as he appeared the smallest one of the three he had observed stepped up and called out the time, and then started up the street. By-and-by he returned, and again called out the time. This was again repeated, this time the call being louder. Dye thought this call was ten minutes after ten. The best-dressed man then went inside the theatre. Dye left at this point and went to a saloon, and had just ordered oysters when he heard of the murder of the President. Sergeant Dye readily identified Booth as the well-dressed person. The rough-looking man, he said, staid in the passage while the one who had called the time went up the street. He identified Spangler as the same man in appearance, if he only had a mustache. The third person, who had called the time, he did not recognize among the prisoners. He described him as a very neat gentleman, well dressed, and having a mustache.

Captain Theodore M'Govern, who was next sworn, testified that on the night of the 14th he was sitting in a chair in the aisle leading toward the door of the President's box when a man came along who disturbed him, causing him to move his seat so as to let him pass. This man stepped about three feet further, and stood leisurely taking a survey of the house. He took a small pack of visiting cards from his pocket, and selected one which he handed to the President's messenger. In a moment or two M'Govern saw the man enter the box and close the door after him. The next he saw of him was when he was escaping across the stage after firing. He knew Booth but did not recognize him.

The testimony of Major Rathbone, the next witness, has already been published, it being the statement made the next day after the murder, and throws no new light on the affair.

The next witness—William Withers, Jun.—added nothing to what has already been made public.

Joe Simmons, a colored man, testified that he saw Booth going out of the theatre at five or six o'clock P.M. of the 14th, and that as he passed out he saw Spangler and invited him to take a drink. Booth and Spangler were quite intimate. Spangler had no mustache.

John Selecman testified that Booth rode up to the back-door of the theatre about nine o'clock. Spangler was standing, and Booth said to the latter, "Help me all you can, won't you?" Spangler replied, "Oh, yes."

On Tuesday, the 16th, John Borrows was the first witness. His business at the theatre was to attend to the stage door. He attended to Booth's horse. He held the horse Friday evening at Spangler's bidding. That day while decorating the President's box Spangler had cursed the President and General Grant.

The next important witness was William A. Browning, President Johnson's Secretary, who testified to having found a card in his box with these words on it: "Don't wish to disturb you; are you at home? J. Wilkes Booth." The Vice-President was at home at five, and remained in his room the balance of the evening.

The testimony of Major Kelbourne Knox, the next witness, only corroborated that given the day before by David Stanton. The same is true of Hatter's which followed.

Dr. Robert King Stone gave an account of the wound received by President Lincoln.

Sergeant Silas D. Cobb testified that on the night of the assassination, while on duty at the Navy-yard bridge, he saw three men approach rapidly on horseback, between half past ten and eleven o'clock. Booth passed first, and he talked with him three or four minutes. Booth said he was going home. The next one gave his name as Smith. The other man turned back. Another witness—Polk Gardner—also testified to have met Booth between Washington and Bryantown.

Alexander Lovett was the next witness. He was one of those engaged in the pursuit of Booth. Taking the route by Surrattsville, he came to the house of Dr. Mudd. The Doctor was absent, but soon returned. He gave unsatisfactory answers to his inquiries. He insisted that the fugitives were strangers to him, though he had set a broken leg for one of them. Lovett again called at Mudd's on the 21st, when the Doctor was more pliant, and a boot left by Booth was produced. Mudd still, however, insisted that the fugitives were strangers. Two other witnesses were examined in relation to these interviews with Mudd, but added nothing of material value.

On Wednesday, the 17th, the testimony given in relation to Dr. Mudd was corroborated by other witnesses.

Mrs. Emma Offett, sister-in-law of Lloyd, then took the stand. Her testimony added nothing to that previously rendered by her brother.

Wm. P. Jett, a rebel officer, was the next witness. He had seen Booth and Harold on Monday, the 24th. They were in a wagon. Jett was with two comrades at the time. Harold got out of the wagon and inquired of Jett's party what command they belonged to. One of them replied, "Mosby's." Harold returned that he was of A. P. Hill's command. He said his brother was wounded below Richmond, and asked if Jett would not take him down to the lines. After a while Harold announced that he and his companion were the assassinators of the President. The entire party then crossed the river and went to Garrett's, where they left Booth and went on; the next day Harold went back to Garrett's.

Lieutenant Conger and Sergeant Boston Corbett were then examined in regard to the pursuit and capture of Booth. Nearly all the points developed by these witnesses have been made public.

John Greenawalt, keeper of the Pennsylvania House, testified that Atzerott and Booth had frequent interviews at that place. Atzerott would generally sit in the sitting-room and Booth would walk into the hall and out again, followed by Atzerott. The latter when in liquor had once, about the 1st of April, said, "Greenawalt, I am pretty near broke, though I have friends enough to give as much money as will keep me all my life; I am going away one of these days, but will return with as much gold as will keep me all my life." He left the Pennsylvania House on Wednesday the 12th. On the 15th, at about 3 or 4 A.M., he came back with another man and took a room. He hesitated about registering his name, but finally consented. The other man, who gave his name as Sam Thompson, had the appearance of a laboring man. Early in the morning this man left, and shortly afterward Atzerott left also, and was not seen again.

Hezekiah Mettz, of Montgomery County, testified that on the Sunday following the assassination Atzerott took dinner at his house. Some conversation took place about General Grant having been shot; it was understood that he had been shot on the cars. Atzerott said that if the man who was to have followed him had followed him it would have been so.

Sergeant G. W. Gemmill testified as to the circumstances of Atzerott's arrest at Germantown. He did not ask for the reason of his arrest.

On Thursday, the 18th, the first witness on the stand was A. R. Reeve, telegraph operator in Brooklyn. On the 23d of March Booth handed him the following dispatch, which was sent to Washington:

"New York, *March* 23, 1865.

"*To — Weichman, Esq.*, 541 *H Street, Washington, D. C.*:

"Tell John to telegraph number and street at once.

"J. Booth."

Weichman was then recalled to the stand and testified that he received this dispatch; that the John referred to was John Surratt; that upon asking the latter what was meant by the number and the street he answered, "Don't be so damned inquisitive." Weichman further testified that after March 4, when he returned from his office one day at 4½ P.M. and went to his room, he rang the bell for Dan, the negro servant, who told him that John had ridden out about half past two that afternoon with six others on horseback. On going down stairs Weichman found Mrs. Surratt weeping bitterly, and asked her what was the matter. She replied: "Go down and make the best of your dinner, John has gone away." About 6½ P.M. John came back very much excited, and rushed frantically about the room with one of Sharp's revolvers in his hand. Weichman asked him why he was so much excited. He replied: "I will shoot any man who comes into this room; my hopes are gone, and my prospects blighted; I want something to do; can you get me a clerkship?" Payne came into the room, and about fifteen minutes afterward Booth also came in, and rushed about as frantically as John had done. He had a whip in his hand, and the three went into the second story, where they remained about twenty minutes. Subsequently Weichman asked Surratt where he had left Payne, and he said Payne had gone to Baltimore, and Booth to New York. Two weeks afterward Surratt, when passing the post-office, inquired for a letter under the name of James Sturdy. Weichman asked why he assumed a false name; he replied that he had particular reasons. The letter was signed Wood (the name which Payne assumed), and the writer stated that he was at the Revere House, New York; that he was looking for something to do, but would probably go to some boarding-house in Grand Street. Weichman had made a *confidant* of Captain Gleason, of the War Department, with whom, as early as March, he conversed about the probable designs of Surratt and his party.

J. J. M'Phail testified that Atzerott had told him that the coat found in his room at the Kirkwood House belonged to Harold.

Washington Briscoe, on the night of the 14th of April, saw Atzerott get into a street car at Sixth Street between eleven and twelve o'clock and ride toward the navy-yard. He rode with him. Atzerott wanted to sleep with him at his store, which was near the navy-yard. This was not convenient, and Atzerott said he would return to the Pennsylvania House.

The Rev. W. H. Ryder, of Chicago, the next witness, went to Richmond on the 14th and staid one week. He picked up in the Capitol there the following paper:

"Richmond, *February* 11, 1865.

"*His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President Confederate States of America*:

"When Senator Johnson and myself waited upon you, some days since, in relation to the project of annoying and harassing the enemy by means of burning their shipping, towns, etc., etc., there were several remarks made by you upon the subject that I was not fully prepared to answer, but which, upon subsequent conference with the parties proposing the enterprise, I find can not apply as objections to the scheme:

"*First*—The combustible material consists of several preparations, and not one alone, and can be used without exposing the party using them to the least danger of detection whatever. The preparations are not in the hands of Mr. Daniel, but are in the hands of Professor M'Cullough, and are known but to him and one other party, as I understand.

"*Second*—There is no necessity for sending persons in the military service into the enemy's country; but the work may be done by agents, and in most cases by persons ignorant of the facts, and therefore innocent agents.

"I have seen enough of the effects that can be produced to satisfy me that in most cases, without any danger to the parties engaged, and in others but very slight, we can: *First.* Burn every vessel that leaves a foreign port for the United States. *Second.* We can burn every transport that leaves the harbor of New York or other Northern ports with supplies for the armies of the enemy in the South. *Third.* Burn every transport and gun-boat on the Mississippi River, as well as devastate the country and fill his people with terror and consternation.

"I am not alone in this opinion; but many other gentlemen are as fully and thoroughly impressed with the conviction as I am. I believe we have the means at our command, if promptly appropriated and energetically applied, to demoralize the Northern people in a very short time. For the purpose of satisfying your mind on the subject, I respectfully but earnestly request that you will have an interview with General Harris, formerly a member of Congress from Missouri, who, I think, is able, by conclusive proofs, to convince you that what I have suggested is perfectly feasible and practicable.

"The deep interest I feel for the success of our cause in this struggle, with the conviction of the importance of availing ourselves of every element of defense, must be my excuse for writing you and requesting you to invite General Harris to see you. If you should see proper to do so, please signify the time when it will be convenient for you to see him.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. S. Oldham."

On the back of the letter are the two indorsements, the first being "Hon. W. S. Oldham, Richmond, February 12, 1865."

"In relation to plans and means of burning the enemy's shipping, towns, etc., preparations are in the hands of Professor M'Cullough, and are shown to only one party. Ask the President to have an interview with General Harris, formerly from Missouri, on the subject. Secretary of State at his convenience please see General Harris, and learn what plan he has for overcoming the difficulty heretofore experienced. J. D. Feb. 20, 1865.

"Received Feb. 17, 1865."

John Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, identified the signature "J. D." as Davis's handwriting. Nathan Rice, who used to sign requisitions made by Davis when the latter was Secretary of War, also identified the writing.

Lieutenant Terry produced the following letter found in Booth's trunk after the assassination. The letter was directed to "J. Wilkes Booth, Esq., National Hotel, Washington, D. C.," and post-marked "Baltimore, Md., March 30:"

"Hookstown, Balto. Co., *March* 21, 1865.

"Dear John,—Was business so important that you could not remain in Baltimore until I saw you? I came in as soon as I could, and found that you had gone to Washington. I called also to see Mike, but learned from his mother he had gone out with you and had not returned. I concluded, therefore, he had gone with you. How inconsiderate you have been! When I left you stated we would not meet in a month or so, therefore I made application for employment, an answer to which I shall receive during the week. I told my parents I had ceased with you. Can I then, under existing circumstances, come as you request? You know full well the Government suspicions something is going on there; therefore the undertaking is becoming more complicated. Why not for the present desist for various reasons, which if you look into you can readily see, without my making any mention thereof. You know any one can censure me for my present course. You have been its cause, for how can I now come after telling them I had left you? Suspicion rests upon me now from my whole family, and even parties in the country. I will be compelled to leave home any how, and how soon I care not. Not one was more in for the enterprise than myself, and to-day would be there had you not done as you have. By this I mean the manner of proceeding. I am, as you well know, in need. I am, you may say, in rags; whereas to-day I ought to be well clothed. I do not feel right, stalking about without means, and from appearances a beggar. I feel my dependence; but even this was forgotten, for I was one with you. Time more propitious will arrive yet. Do not act rashly or in haste. I would prefer your first way; go and see how it will be taken in R—— D——, and ere long I shall be better prepared to again be with you. I dislike writing—would sooner verbally make known my views; yet you now waiting causes me thus to proceed. Do not anger; peruse this; weigh all I have said, and as a rational man and a friend you can not censure nor upbraid my conduct. I sincerely trust this, nor aught else that should or may occur, will ever obliterate our former friendship. Write me to Baltimore, as I expect in about Wednesday or Thursday; or if you can possibly come on I will Tuesday meet you in Baltimore at B.

"Ever, I subscribe myself, your friend, Sam."

William M'Phail identified this as in the writing of Samuel Arnold. He knew, because Arnold had placed in his hands a confession written April 18.

Ethan J. Homer detailed the circumstances under which Arnold was arrested, April 17, at Fortress Monroe. He had a carpet-bag and a pistol. Arnold said he had another pistol and a knife at his father's. He made a statement of what he knew. He said that about two or three weeks before he was at a meeting held at the Lychan House, at which Booth, O'Loughlin, Atzerott, John Surratt, and two others were present. He said that he had letters of introduction to Dr. Mudd and Dr. Queen. He spoke of the design of the conspirators as having been to abduct the heads of Government: his own part was to have been to catch the President when he was thrown from the box of the theatre.

Mr. Thomas, the next witness, had heard Dr. Mudd say some weeks ago that the President was an abolitionist, and that the whole Cabinet were such, and that the South would not be subjugated under abolition doctrine. The whole Cabinet, he said, would be killed within six or seven weeks, and every Union man in Baltimore.

Two telegrams addressed in March by Booth to O'Loughlin were then produced. One reads thus: "Don't fear to neglect your business. You had better come at once." The words of the other were: "Get word to Sam, and come on, with or without him, on Wednesday morning. We sell that day, sure. Don't fail."

On the opening of the trial on Friday, Colonel P. J. Taylor testified to having received from Lieutenant Terry a paper found in Booth's trunk and written in the cipher of the Confederate States.

Charles Rosch testified to having found at Spangler's house a carpet-bag containing a piece of rope 81 feet long with the twist taken out.

William Wallace testified as to the circumstances attending O'Loughlin's arrest. It was on the 17th at the house of a family named Bailey in Baltimore, not at his regular boarding-place. He seemed to understand for what he was arrested; said it was a bad affair; and upon being asked why he was not at his regular boarding-place, said that on Saturday he was told that officers had been looking for him, and that he had gone to the house of a friend where he spent Saturday and Sunday night. O'Loughlin's brother-in-law helped find him.

James Gifford, stage carpenter at Ford's theatre, was the next witness. He testified that a man named Reybold usually decorated the box. Reybold was in the box on Friday.

Mrs. Martha Murray, mistress of the Heredon Hotel, was the next witness. One of the prisoners, whom she identified as Payne, had occupied a room at her house. He left on the day of the assassination at 4 P.M., having been there two weeks.

William H. Wells, colored waiter at Secretary Seward's, identified Payne as the man who had attempted the assassination of the Secretary. Payne came to the door with a little package, saying it was medicine from Dr. Verdi; that he was sent with particular directions as to how it must be taken, and he must go up. He was refused. After parleying a long while he started to go up. He met Mr. Fred Seward on the steps outside the door of the room, and requested to see the Secretary, but was refused. Payne then struck Mr. Fred Seward; and the negro, alarmed, ran to the door shouting "Murder!" and went to General Auger's head-quarters. As he had got half-way back he saw Payne run out and get on his horse, without a hat.

Sergeant George F. Robinson farther testified that Payne, after the scuffle with Seward's son, entered the room, knocked him (Robinson) partially down, and then, rushing up, struck and maimed the Secretary in his bed. Robinson rose and endeavored to haul him off, when Payne turned upon him. During the fray a man came into the room, and with his help Robinson got Payne to the door, when the latter clenched him about the neck and rushed down stairs. The Secretary received three wounds, one cutting his face down on the left side, and two others in his neck. During the struggle he rolled out of bed. Payne left his hat and a revolver.

After Major A. H. Seward, who corroborated the above, he being the person who had helped put Payne out, Richard C. Morgan was sworn, and testified as to the circumstances attending Payne's arrest. He was in the service of the War Department, reporting to Colonel Olcott, Special Commissioner. About twenty minutes past eleven, on the evening of the 17th of April, he went with other officers to Mrs. Surratt's to seize the papers which might be found and to arrest the inmates of the house. After being in the house about ten minutes, and the arrest of the inmates having been accomplished, there was a knock and ring at the door. Captain Wermerskirch and Morgan opened the door, and Payne entered. He had a pickaxe in his hand, and wore gray coat and vest and black pants. Payne said: "I am mistaken." "Who do you want to see?" asked Morgan. "Mrs. Surratt," Payne replied. "You are right," said Morgan; "walk in." He came in and took a seat. Upon being asked what his errand was at that time of night he said he came to dig a gutter—that Mrs. Surratt had sent for him in the morning. He said he was a poor man, and earned his living with the pickaxe. He said he had had no previous acquaintance with Mrs. Surratt. He pulled out an oath of allegiance, containing the name of "Louis Payne, Fauquier County, Virginia." Then a carriage came, and Payne was taken along with the others. A card photograph was found in the house with these words on it: "Thus will it ever be with tyrants. Virginia the mighty. *Sic semper tyrannis.*"

Major Smith testified that Mrs. Surratt was called into the parlor when Payne came in, and being asked if she knew him, she said, raising her right hand, "Before God I do not know this man, and have never seen him!" Mrs. Surratt did not express any surprise at her arrest.

The first witness examined on Saturday, the 20th, was Dana, Assistant-Secretary of War. He went to Richmond April 6, and there found in Benjamin's office the key to an official cipher. It is a machine about a foot long and eight inches high, and consists of a cylinder of wood which has a paper envelope inscribed with letters; the cylinder revolves on pivot-holes at each end, and a bar across the top contains wooden indices pointing down to the letters.

Major Eckert then being sworn, testified that a cipher found in Booth's trunk corresponded with that of which Dana had spoken. Rebel dispatches of October 13th and 19th (1864) had fallen into his hand which were deciphered on the same principle. The following are the dispatches translated:

"*October* 13, 1864.

"We again urge the necessity of our getting immediate advantages. Strain every nerve for victory. We now look upon the re-election of Lincoln in November as almost certain, and we need to whip his hirelings to prevent it. Besides, with Lincoln re-elected, and his armies victorious, we need not hope even for recognition, much less the help mentioned in our last. Holcomb will explain this. Those figures of the Yankee armies are correct to a unit. Your friend shall be immediately set to work as you direct."

"*October* 19, 1864

"Your letter of the 13th instant is at hand. There is yet time enough to colonize many voters before November. A blow will shortly be stricken here. It is not quite time. General Longstreet is to attack Sheridan without delay, and then move north as far as practicable toward unprotected points. This will be made instead of the movement before mentioned. He will endeavor to assist the Republicans in collecting their ballots. Be watchful and assist him."

That of the 13th passed from Canada to Richmond; that of the 19th from Richmond to Canada.

General Hamilton, of Texas, testified that the letter written to Davis by W. S. Oldham was in that person's handwriting. Oldham, when he wrote the letter, was a member of the Confederate Senate from Texas.

Lieutenant Dana testified that at a quarter past two on April 15th it was known in Bryantown, near which place Dr. Mudd lived, that the President was assassinated and who the assassin was. On the previous day of the trial other witnesses had testified to the Doctor's having gone to Bryantown that afternoon.

Robert A. Campbell, first teller of the Ontario Bank of Montreal, testified Jacob Thompson had kept an account with that Bank from May 30, 1864. The account closed April 11, 1865. The aggregate amount of credit was $649,872 23; there was a balance due Thompson. Since March first he had drawn $300,000. Since the assassination Thompson had left Montreal. He said he was going overland to Halifax *en route* to Europe. This was about two weeks before navigation opened. To Mr. Campbell it seemed strange that Thompson should have gone overland when by waiting two weeks he could have taken a steamer. Booth also had a small account with the Ontario Bank.

Another witness was examined, whose testimony is withheld from publication.

On Monday, the 22d, Miss Norah Fitzpatrick was the first witness openly examined. In the month of March she resided at Mrs. Surratt's. She saw there John H. Surratt, Atzerott, and Payne.

Captain Dougherty was then examined as to the circumstance attending the capture of Booth.

M'Phail being recalled testified that O'Loughlin had been in the rebel service about a year.

Lieutenant R. Bartlett testified that he was a prisoner in the Libby at Richmond in 1864. The second morning after his arrival there he was, with others, taken to the dungeon. There was one place which the guard would allow no one to go near or pass over. They learned from officers that a torpedo was there, and that the prison had been mined on account of Dahlgren's raid.

Colonel R. B. Treat, Chief of Commissary on Schofield's Staff, was the next witness. At Charlotte, North Carolina, General Johnston surrendered to Schofield several boxes said to contain the archives of the War Department of the Confederate States. These were delivered to Major Eckert; who being called to the stand testified that to a certain extent the papers in the boxes had been examined by Mr. C. F. Hall.

C. F. Hall was then sworn, and testified that he had found the following paper, taken from a box marked "Adjutant-General's Office. Letters received July to December, 1864:"

"Montgomery, White Sulphur Springs, Va.

"*To His Excellency President C. S. A.*:

"Dear Sir,—I have been thinking for some time I would make this communication to you, but have been deterred from doing so on account of ill health.

"I now offer you my services, and if you will favor me in my designs I will proceed, as soon as my health will permit, to rid my country of some of her deadliest enemies, by striking at the very heart's-blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery. I consider nothing dishonorable having such a tendency. All I want of you is to favor me by granting the necessary papers, etc., to travel on while in the jurisdiction of this Government. I am perfectly familiar with the North, and feel confident that I can execute any thing I undertake. I have just returned now from within their lines. I am a lieutenant in General Duke's command. I was on a raid last June in Kentucky, under General John A. Morgan. I and all my command except two or three commissioned officers were taken prisoners; but, finding a good opportunity while being taken to prison, I made my escape from them. In the garb of a citizen I attempted to pass out through the mountains, but finding that impossible, narrowly escaping two or three times being retaken, directed my course north and west through the Canadas; by the assistance of Colonel J. P. Holcombe I succeeded in making my way round through the blockade; but having taken the yellow-fever, etc., at Bermuda, I have been rendered unfit for service since my arrival. I was reared up in the State of Alabama, and educated in its university. Both the Secretary of War and his assistant, Judge Campbell, are personally acquainted with my father, William J. Alston, of the Fifth Congressional district of Alabama, having served in the time of the old Congress in 1849, 1850, and 1851. If I do any thing for you I shall expect your full confidence in return. If you give this, I can render you and my country very important service. Let me hear from you soon. I am anxious to be doing something, and having no command at present, all or nearly all being in garrison, I desire that you favor me in this a short time. I would like to have a personal interview with you in order to perfect arrangements before starting. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"L. W. Alston.

"Address me at the Springs, in hospital."

On the above letter were the following indorsements:

"1. Brief of letter without signature.

"2. Respectfully referred by direction of the President to Honorable Secretary of War. Burton N. Harrison, Private Secretary. Received November 29, 1864. Record book A. G. O., December 8, 1864.

"3. A. G. for attention. By order, J. A. Campbell, A. S. W."

GENERAL WINTHROP.

The first victim of the war commemorated in these columns was Major Theodore Winthrop, who fell in the first battle, at Great Bethel. The last that will probably be named by us is General Frederick Winthrop, his cousin, who was killed in the last battle, at Five Forks. Both entered the service at the beginning of the war: Theodore as a private in the Seventh Regiment, Frederick in the Seventy-first N. Y. S. M. Frederick rose rapidly, distinguished by his gallantry and skill, until he was breveted Brigadier, and he fell in the hour of victory, like Philip Sidney, in the act of saving the life of a friend. As he was borne from the field his mind wandered, and exclaiming, energetically, "Straighten the line!" the brave and beloved youth peacefully died. The line for which he and so many of his brothers have died is straightened now and forever. We may believe that the sacred roll of dead heroes in this war is closed at last. Their names are written immortal in our history, and upon myriad hearts that never personally knew them.

The following verses, written by Mr. Frank C. Moore, we reproduce from the Brooklyn *Union*—the last of the many tributes that have saddened our pages:

STRAIGHTEN THE LINE.

The roar of the cannon and din of the fight
Had been heard all day and through the night,
And sabres bare and bayonets bright
Were holding fearful sway.
The hospital's groaning tent was filled,
The field was covered with maimed and killed,
And many a strong man's heart was chilled
At the terrible sights that day.

The wavering lines surged to and fro,
As many a noble head, laid low,
Told of the desperate strait of the foe—
Made even hope decline;
When the youthful form of a warrior brave
Was seen at the front of that vital wave—
"Come, boys! Rally your land to save!
Straighten the line!"

Shoulder to shoulder—rank by rank—
They charged again the foeman's flank,
O'er hill and vale, o'er ditch and bank,
O'er log and tangled vine.
The stubborn foe dismayed has fled,
The ground lies strewn with rebel dead,
And blood like water has been shed
Before that fatal line.

The battle is over, the victory won;
Like tired reapers, whose task is done,
The men come back through the beating sun—
No more their bayonets shine.
Blood has dimmed the burnished steel,
Stained with blood is each patriot heel;
Like birds of prey anon they wheel,
And again they "straighten the line."

Back to the hospital's precincts dread,
Among the wounded and over the dead,
Soldiers four, with low-bowed head,
Pick their gloomy way.
A burden precious between is borne,
With covered face and garments torn,
They knew that a nation had cause to mourn
When their chieftain fell that day.

The hospital door is reached at last—
"Uncover his face. He's going fast.
Every moment seems his last.
Will he give no parting sign?"
See! he lifts his weary frame;
His eyes are bright with fever's flame;
He shouts: "Now, save your country's name—
Straighten the line!"

Brothers, his manly spirit has flown;
May we never forget the light it has shown;
And when, 'mid future dangers thrown,
We invoke the aid Divine,
Though wavering impulse should halt our band,
Shoulder to shoulder we'll bear a hand,
And, remembering Winthrop's last command,
We'll "Straighten the line!"

THE WITS AND THE PETTICOATS.

The wits are busy with "my poor old mother," who merely wanted to go to the spring for water. One says, in the Boston *Transcript*:

"Oh, contradictory Jeff!
A Paradox you remain;
Had your last Shift been Bootless,
It had not been in vain."

Another, in the Providence *Journal*:

"The chivalry bragged to the end that 'twould fight,
And in the last ditch make its shrift;
Behold it in petticoats hiding its flight,
Reduced to its ultimate shift!"

Another, in the Boston *Journal*:

"Repudiation, Jeff has shown,
Excludes all law, and reaches
All the way from State bonds down
To his own *sex* and *breeches*."

Another defines "my poor old mother" thus:

"Jeff. Davis"—the modern Dogberry—"a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him."

Another refers to the Prophet Jeremiah, chap. xiii., verse 22:

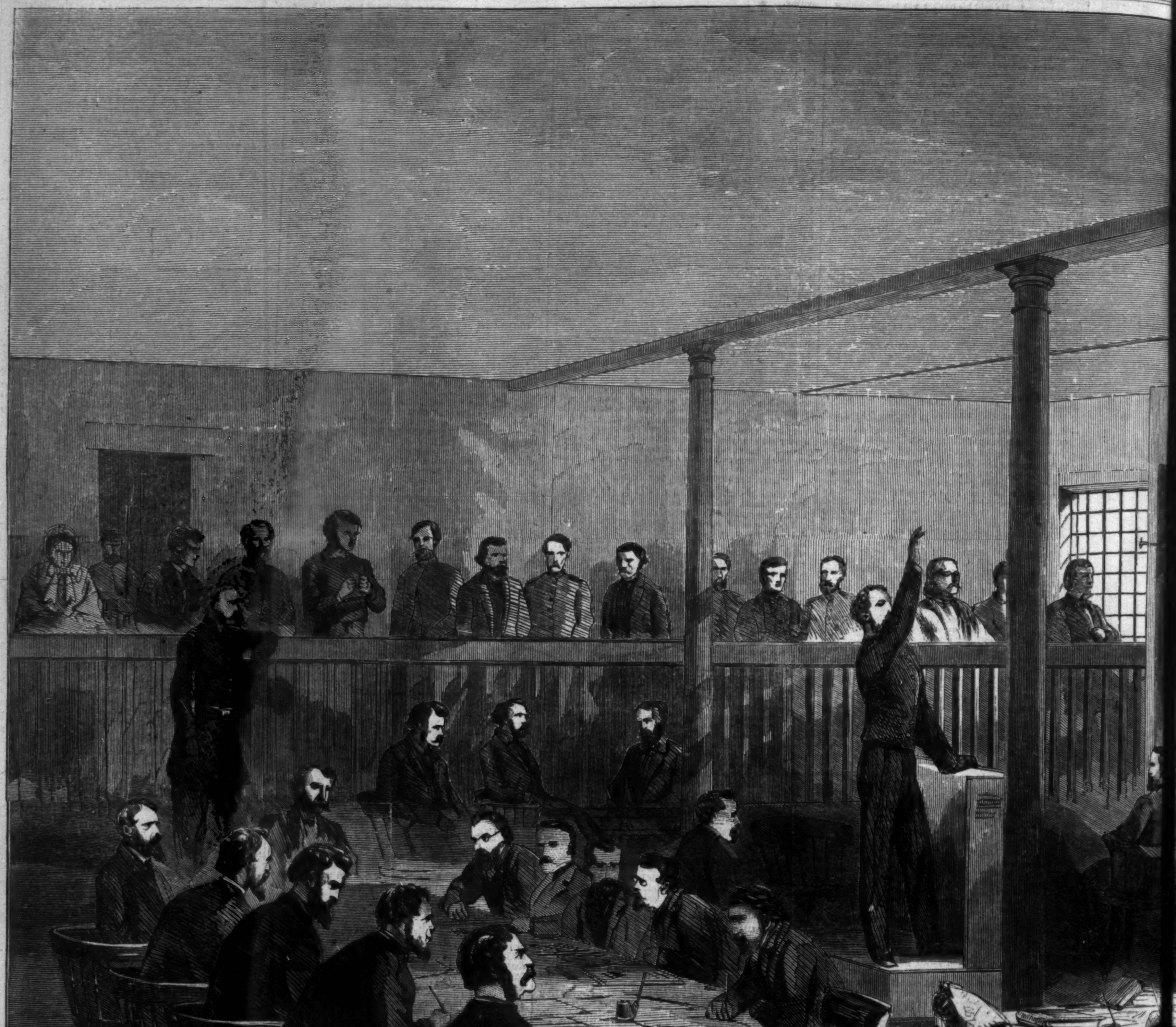
"And if thou say in thine heart, Wherefore come these things upon me? For the greatness of thine iniquity are thy skirts discovered, and thy heels made bare."

THE SUEZ CANAL.

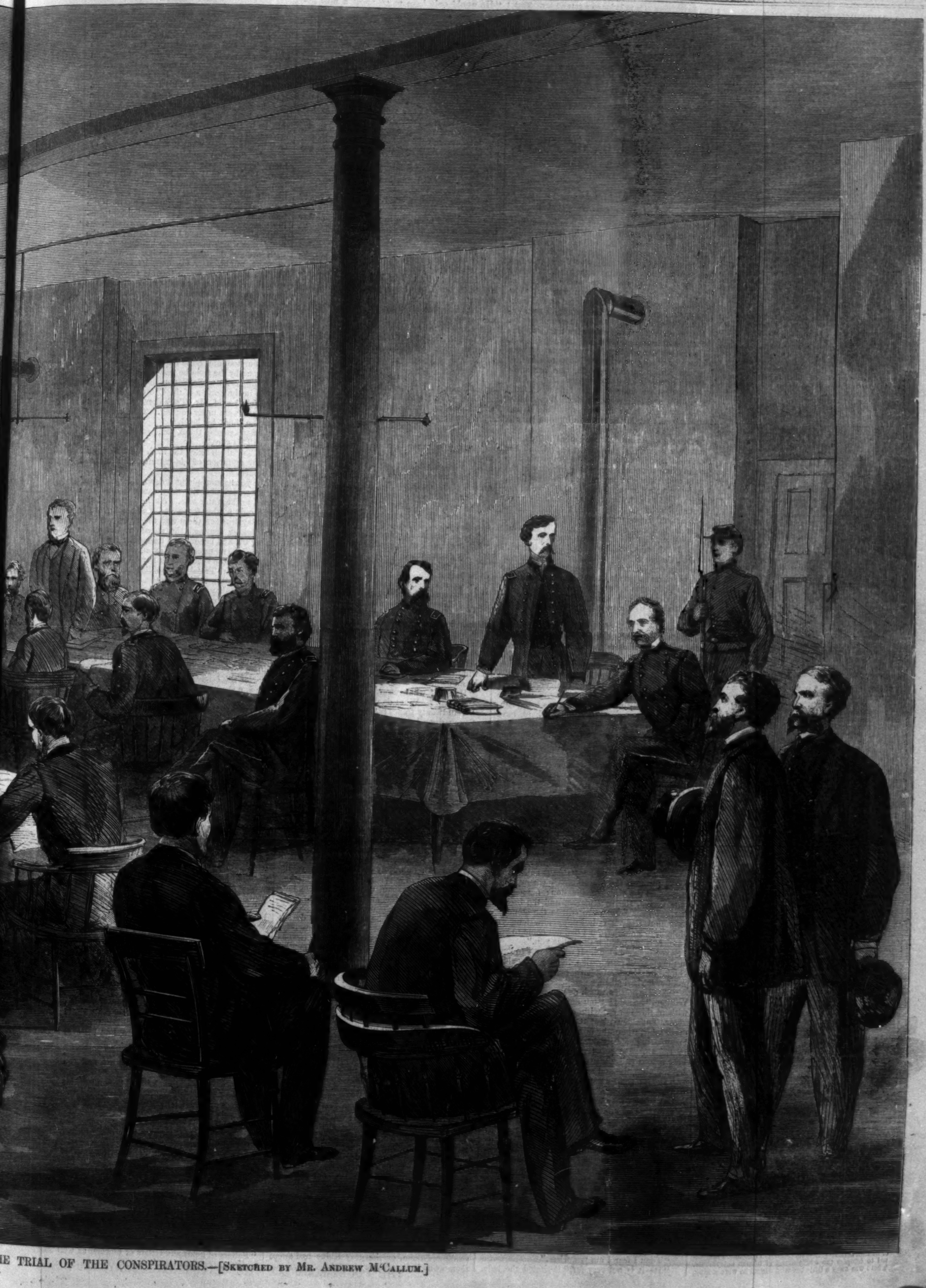
We publish on page 349 an engraving of the famous Suez Canal, now completed, uniting the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Red Sea. This great work, which has been in progress for several years, is in the hands of a French Joint-Stock Company, of which M. Lesseps is the chief manager. It obtained, some time since, very favorable concessions from the Viceroy of Egypt, including grants of land on either side the canal and its branches, and the right to compel the laborers on either side to contribute a portion of their labor to the work. Thus assisted the Company went to work with energy; they had some 20,000 laborers at work.

England has always looked with a jealous eye upon the construction of this canal. With her usual narrow-minded selfishness she feared the effect of the work upon her Indian possessions, and would rather have retarded the march of civilization and commerce than shorten the road from Marseilles to Hindostan. At length these jealous fears culminated in an overt act. Sir Henry Bulwer succeeded in persuading the Sultan to visit the canal, and to issue a firman on the subject which for a time had the effect of stopping the work. The firman withdrew from the Company the concessions of land, and the privilege of using compulsory labor; it also required the French to give some security that the canal would not infringe upon the sovereignty of the Sultan.

But notwithstanding the obstacle thus put in the way of the progress of this great work, it has at length been completed, and forms one of the most stupendous monuments of the genius and industry of the nineteenth century.



THE COURT-ROOM AT THE OLD PENITENTIARY, WASHINGTON, DURING THE



HE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.—[Sketched by Mr. Andrew M'Callum.]

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Philosophy and Fashion.—To the philosophic mind it is ever an amusement to contemplate the fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion. When hoops went out of vogue, nigh a century ago, the ladies vowed that scanty petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions until their skirts became so shrunken they could hardly move their feet within the limited circumference. So, doubtless, will it be again, now crinoline is doomed. The milliners of Paris have determined on reviving the "costume of the Empire" of some fifty seasons since, and who will dare dispute the mandates of the milliners? Already we see signs of the change which is approaching. Ladies fresh from Paris startle our eyes nowadays by appearing in what at first sight we might fancy are their night-dresses. Of course, when once the tide sets in all the female world will swim with it. Casting overboard their crinoline, the ladies will all look as though they had been put under a rigid course of Banting. Our wives will be so altered that we shall hardly know them; and when they walk out in their limp and scanty dresses we shall at first be scarcely able to realize our happiness in missing the accustomed chafing of our shins. To the philosophic mind it will be curious to note what excuses will be made for the wearing of scant petticoats, to which the ladies have all vowed that they never could revert. The comfort that there was, said they, in wearing iron cages nobody could tell; and they protested that they wore them solely for that reason, and not for fashion's sake. The philosopher might shrug his shoulders at their vows, and rightly estimate their worth; but philosophy availed naught in its efforts to reduce the circumference of petticoats, which fashion had expanded, and fashion only could contract. In its influence on Lovely Woman, philosophy will bear no comparison with fashion; and the philosopher who fancies that his words will be listened to when fashion claims a hearing is no better than a fool.

The Siamese Twins.—The Siamese twins are living in North Carolina, where they farm a plantation. They married two sisters, and while they had five children each the sisters lived happily. When one of them, however, had a sixth child, they quarreled and would not live under the same roof. The twins are now fifty years old. One of them is drooping, and experiments have been made to find out if the ligature that binds them were cut whether they could survive. On the ligature being tied so as to prevent the circulation of the blood the twins fainted. It is evident, therefore, that when one dies they can not be separated, and both must perish. Their respiration is synchronous when they are calm; their hours of sleeping and waking, and their joys, sorrows, and desires are the same.

"How is it," cried an elegant china vase that stood empty, "that I, beautiful, elegant, and universally admired as I am, stand empty, while you, a common glazed earthen pot, are filled with costly wine?"

"It is because you have a flaw: you leak. Th[illegible]re, although all confess your beauty, and yield it [illegible]aise, nobody can trust you as they can poor hom[illegible]," answered the jar.

A Word on Clocks.—Ingenious men of all ages, from Archimedes, 200 years B.C., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been cited as the inventors of the clock. The fact is, that the clock, like almost every other useful implement, gradually grew to perfection: one man suggested wheel-work; another the weight for maintaining or driving-power; another the balance for regulating the expenditure of that power; another the dial and hands; another the striking parts, and so on; and at last, one man combined all together in one machine, and gained the credit of making the first clock. This man appears to have been one Henry de Wick, or de Vick, who placed a clock in the tower of the palace of Charles the Fifth, about the year 1364, which clock is the most ancient of which there exists any particular description. The principles upon which it was constructed were essentially the same as those of the clocks of the present day; that is, there was a moving power and a regulating power. The moving power was a weight hung [illegible] a cord, wound round a barrel; the unwinding of which, by the fall of the weight, gave motion to a train of wheels that moved the hands around the dial. The regulating power was a balance-wheel, swinging backward and forward after the manner of the watch-balance, so familiar to us all.

A Seasonable Hint.—A person leaving a warm room, and going into a colder, or into the open air, should carefully close the lips for a few minutes, until he has become, as it were, acclimatized to the colder atmosphere, and breathe through the nostrils alone, by which the cold air is made to traverse the long, warm nasal passage before it reaches the windpipe and vocal organs; and its temperature being thus raised, one common mode of "catching cold" is avoided. Most persons, upon leaving a warm church or hot concert-room, immediately open their mouths to discuss the merits of those they have just heard, and many a severe cold is taken. It is equally common, but still worse, for a public speaker to do so; for his throat is more heated from his recent exertions, and he may, and often does, become hoarse for a month by such apparently trifling neglect.

The Peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantations and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit that we now enjoy.

A kiss is a little thing, and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering, tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volume of words might fail. It bindeth up the sore spirit, and oft given, covereth a multitude of shortcomings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex, who, in their boasted independence, find all that is needful to existence within themselves, but to those gentle, domestic beings who make glad homes. A frequent, heart-given kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness and indifference.

Baron Liebig's Soup for Children.—With that remarkable estimation of the greatness of small things which is one of the most valuable of his many high intellectual qualities, and with a tender appreciation of the importance of small people, Baron Liebig devotes a special article in an English scientific periodical to the description of a new article of diet which he conceives to be the most fitting substitute for the natural nutriment for those children who are by circumstances robbed of their mother's milk. It is well known that a cow's milk does not adequately represent the milk of a healthy woman, and when wheaten flour is added, as it commonly is, Liebig points out that, although starch be not unfitting for the nourishment of the infant, the change of it into sugar in the stomach during digestion imposes an unnecessary labor on the organization, which will be spared it if the starch be beforehand transformed into the soluble forms of sugar and dextrine. This he effects by adding to the wheaten flour a certain quantity of malt. As wheaten flour and malt flour contain less alkali than woman's milk, he supplies this when preparing the soup. This "soup" may be shortly prepared as follows: "Half an ounce of wheaten flour, and an equal quantity of malt flour, seven grains and a quarter of bicarbonate of potash, and one ounce of water, are to be well mixed; five ounces of cow's milk are then to be added, and the whole put on a gentle fire; when the mixture begins to thicken it is removed from the fire, stirred during five minutes, heated and stirred again till it becomes quite fluid, and finally made to boil. After the separation of the bran by a sieve it is ready for use. By boiling it for a few minutes it loses all taste of the flour.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that pleasure is a costly article, yet it is a mistake that the wisest of us are constantly committing. Many of us are accustomed to regard pleasures of the highest kind as we regard diamonds—in the light of rare jewels of the first water, which are only to be obtained by a lavish outlay of money. With this idea we are all more or less envious of wealth, believing that its possession enables an individual to compass the whole round of human enjoyments. There was once a little boy who wished he were a king, that he might be able to swing on a gate all day. That boy had a very modest idea of enjoyment, but if his wish had been granted he would soon have been as weary of swinging on a gate as Tithonus was of being immortal. It is a pity that we can not learn this lesson in a more practical way; that we can not have our wish occasionally, and be convinced by experience that true happiness does not lie in being either rich or great. There are many accepted pieces of verbal wisdom inculcating contentment by pointing out the evils of riches and the cares of greatness. We subscribe to these, and, as a matter of abstract faith, believe in them; but practically they do not guide us. We sigh for riches and greatness all the same, still clinging to the notion that wealth and position can purchase enjoyment.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

OLIMPIA COLONNA.

Saxon Trefalden did not fall in love at first sight, as Palamon fell in love with Emelie, walking in the garden "full of braunches grene." His heart beat none the faster, his cheek grew none the brighter or the paler for that stolen contemplation. Nothing of the kind. He only admired her—admired her, and wondered at her, and delighted to look upon her; just as he would have admired, and wondered at, and looked upon a gorgeous sunrise among his own native Alps, or a splendid meteor in a summer sky. He did not attempt to analyze her features. He could not have described her to save his life. He had no idea whether her wondrous eyes were brown or black; or whether it was to them, or to the perfect mouth beneath, that her smile owed the magic of its sweetness. He had not the faintest suspicion that her hair was of the same hue and texture as the world-famed locks of Lucrezia Borgia; he only saw that it was tossed back from her brow like a cloud of burned gold, crisp and wavy, and gathered into a coronet that a queen might have envied. He knew not how scornfully her lip could curl and her delicate nostrils quiver; but he could not help seeing how there was something haughty in the very undulations of her tall and slender form, and something imperial in the character of her beauty. In short, Saxon was no connoisseur of female loveliness. The women of the Grisons are among the homeliest of their race, and till now he had seen no others. A really graceful, handsome, highly-bred woman was a phenomenon in his eyes, and he looked upon her with much the same kind of delightful awe that one experiences on first beholding the sea or the southern stars. Indeed, had Mademoiselle Colonna been only a fine portrait by Titian, or a marble divinity by Phidias, he could hardly have admired her with a more dispassionate and simple wonder.

Presently Mr. Trefalden came back to his breakfast, leaving Signor Colonna and his daughter to theirs. He resumed his seat in silence. He looked grave. He pushed his plate aside with the air of one whose thoughts are too busy for hunger. Then he looked at Saxon; but Saxon's eyes were wandering to the farther end of the salon, and he knew nothing of the close and serious scrutiny to which he was being subjected. The young man would, perhaps, have been somewhat startled had he surprised that expression upon his cousin's face, and even more puzzled than startled by the strange, flitting, cynical smile into which it gradually faded.

"Come, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "we must finish this bottle of Château Margaux before we go."

Saxon shook his head.

"You have had only one glass," remonstrated his cousin.

"Thank you, I do not wish for more."

"Then you don't really like it, after all."

"Yes, I do; but I am no longer thirsty. See—I have almost emptied the water-bottle."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"We are told," said he, "that primeval man passed through three preliminary stages before he reached the era of civilization; namely, the stone period, the iron period, and the bronze. You, my dear Saxon, are still in the stone period; and Heaven only knows how long you might have staid there if I had not come to your aid! It is my mission to civilize you."

Saxon laughed aloud. It was his way to laugh on the smallest provocation, like a joyous child; which, in Mr. Trefalden's eyes, was another proof of barbarianism.

"Civilize me as much as you please, cousin William," he said; "but don't ask me to drink without thirst or eat without hunger."

Mr. Trefalden glanced uneasily toward the other table, where the father and daughter were breakfasting side by side, and conversing softly in Italian. Perhaps he did not wish them to hear Saxon call him "cousin." At all events, he rose abruptly, and said:

"Come; shall we smoke a cigar in the garden before starting?"

But just as they were leaving the room Mademoiselle Colonna rose and followed them.

"Mr. Trefalden," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Trefalden, we found letters awaiting us at this place, one of which demands an immediate answer. This answer must be conveyed to a certain spot by a trusty messenger. It may not, for various reasons, be sent through the post. Can you help me? Do you know of any person whom it would be safe to employ?"

"Indeed I do not," replied the lawyer. "I am as great a stranger in Reichenau as yourself. Perhaps, however, the landlord can tell you—"

"No, no," interrupted she. "It would not be prudent to consult him."

"Then I fear I am powerless."

"It—it is not very far," hesitated the lady. "He would only have to go about a mile beyond Thusis, on the Splugen road."

"If I were not a man of law, Mademoiselle Colonna," said Mr. Trefalden, with his blandest smile, "I would myself volunteer to be your envoy; but—"

"But you have given us your name, Mr. Trefalden, and can do no more. I understand that. I understood it from the first. I am only sorry to have troubled you."

"And I am sorry that you have not troubled me. I regret that I can not be of more service."

Wherewith Mr. Trefalden bowed to Mademoiselle Colonna, made a sign to his cousin to follow him, and left the room. But Saxon lingered, blushing and irresolute, and turned to the lady instead.

"I can take the letter," he said, shyly.

Mademoiselle Colonna paused, looked straight into his eyes, and said,

"It is an important letter. Can I trust you?"

"Yes."

"Can I rely upon you to give it into no other hands than those of the person whom I shall describe to you?"

"Yes."

"If any one else should try to take it from you, what would you do?"

"If a man tried to take it from me by force," replied Saxon, laughingly, "I should knock him down."

"But if he were stronger than you; or if there were several?"

He stopped to consider.

"I—I think I should take it out, as if I were going to give it up," said he, "and I would swallow it."

"Good."

Mademoiselle Colonna paused again, and again looked at him steadfastly.

"Did you hear all that I said about this letter just now to Mr. Trefalden?" she said.

"Every word of it."

"You know that you must not repeat it?"

"I suppose so."

"And you know that to convey this letter may be—though it is very unlikely—a service of some little danger?"

"I did not know that; but I knew it was a service of responsibility."

"Well, then, are you equally willing to go?"

"Of course. Why not?"

Mademoiselle Colonna smiled, but somewhat doubtfully.

"I do not doubt your courage," she said; "but how am I to know that you will not betray my confidence?"

Saxon colored up to the roots of his hair and drew back a step.

"You must not give me the letter," said he, "if you are afraid to trust me. I can only promise to deliver it, and be silent."

Signor Colonna rose suddenly and joined them. He had his purse in his hand.

"Will you swear this, young man?" he asked. "Will you swear this?"

"No," said Saxon, proudly, "I will not swear it. It is forbidden to take God's name for trifles. I will give you my word of honor, but I will not take an oath."

"Humph! what reward do you expect?"

"Reward? What do you mean?"

"Will twenty francs satisfy you?"

Saxon drew back another step. He looked from Signor Colonna to his daughter, and from the lady's face to the gentleman's.

"Money!" he faltered. "You offer me money?"

"Is it not enough?"

Barbarian as he was, Saxon was quite sufficiently civilized to writhe under the sting of this affront. The tears started to his honest eyes. It was the first humiliation he had known in his life, and he felt it bitterly.

"I did not offer to carry your letter for hire," said he, in a hurried, quivering voice. "I would have gone twice the distance to—to please and serve the lady. Good-morning."

And, turning abruptly on his heel, the young man strode out of the room.

"Oh, stay, monsieur, one moment—one moment only!" cried Mademoiselle Colonna.

But he was already gone.

"What is this? Who is he? What does it all mean?" asked Signor Colonna, impatiently.

"It means that we have committed a grievous error," replied his daughter. "He is a gentleman—a gentleman, and I took him for a common guide! But see, there he goes, through the garden gate—go to him; pray go to him, and apologize in my name and your own."

"But, my child," said the Italian, nervously, "how can you be sure—"

"I am sure. I see it all now—I ought to have seen it from the first. But look yonder, and convince yourself! Mr. Trefalden has taken his arm—they go down through the trees! Pray go—go at once, or you will be too late!"

Signor Colonna snatched up his hat and went at once; but he was too late for all that. The garden was a very perplexing place. It belonged, not to the hotel, but to the Château Planta close by, and was entered by a large iron gate, some few yards down the road. It was laid out on a little picturesque peninsula just at the junction of the Hinter and Vorder Rhines, and was traversed by all kinds of winding walks, some of which led down to the water side, some up to shady nooks, or hidden summer-houses, or open lawns fragrant with violets, and musical with ever-playing fountains. Up and down, in and out of these paths, Signor Colonna wandered for nearly half an hour without meeting a living soul, or hearing any sound but the rushing of the rivers and the echoes of his own steps on the gravel. Saxon and his cousin had disappeared as utterly as if the green sward had opened and swallowed them, or the gray Rhine had swept them away in its eddying current.

CHAPTER X.

MENTOR BEGINS TO TAKE TELEMACHUS IN HAND.

Pastor Martin never closed his eyes in sleep that night after William Trefalden paid his first visit at the Château Rotzberg. His anxieties had been increasing and multiplying of late, and this event brought them en masse to the surface. He scarcely knew whether to feel relieved or embarrassed by the arrival of his London kinsman. Harassed as his mind had been for some time past, he yet dreaded to lay the source of his troubles before an arbiter who might tell him that he had acted unwisely. Yet here was the arbiter, dropped, as it were, from the clouds; and, be his verdict what it might, the story of Saxon's education could not be withheld from him. The good priest shrunk from this confession. It was true that he had done all for the best. It was also true that he would have given his own life to make that boy a good and happy man. And yet—and yet there remained the fatal possibility which had so haunted him during these last few months. His own judgment might all this time have been at fault; and the fair edifice which he had been building up with such love and devotion for the last twenty years or more, might, after all, have its foundations in the sand. This was a terrible thought, and so hard to bear that the pastor made up his mind to go down to Reichenau early in the morning and talk the whole matter over with William Trefalden before he and Saxon should have started for Chur. When the morning came, however, a goat was missing from the flock. This mischance threw all the farm-work out of its daily course, so that the pastor started a good half hour too late, quite expecting to find them both gone by the time he reached the Adler.

In the mean while Saxon had overtaken his cousin in the garden of the Château Planta.

"Well," said Mr. Trefalden, "I began to think you were never coming. Take a cigar?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't smoke, thank you," said he, hurriedly. "This way."

Mr. Trefalden noted the flush upon his cheek, and the agitation of his manner, and followed in silence.

The young man plunged down a labyrinth of narrow sidewalks till they came to one that sloped to the water side. At the bottom of this slope only a wire fence and a slip of gravelly bank lay between them and the river. A covered bridge spanned the stream a few yards higher up, and beyond the bridge lay the meadows and the mountains. Saxon, without deigning to touch the wire with his hand, sprang lightly over. Mr. Trefalden, less lightly, and more leisurely, followed his example. In a few minutes more they had both passed through the gloom of the covered bridge and emerged into the sunshine beyond. Saxon at once struck across the road and took the field-path opposite.

"Is this the way to Chur?" asked Mr. Trefalden, somewhat abruptly.

Saxon started and stopped.

"No, indeed," he replied. "I—I had forgotten. We must turn back."

"Not till I have finished my cigar. See—here is a shady nook and an old pine-trunk that looks as if it had been felled on purpose. Let us sit and chat quietly for half an hour."

"With all my heart," said Saxon. So they sat down side by side, far enough out of sight or hearing of the garden, in which Signor Colonna was searching for them on the opposite side of the river.

"By-the-way, Saxon, what kept you so long just now?" said Mr. Trefalden. "Were you flirting with the fair Olimpia?"

Saxon's face was scarlet in an instant.

"I—I offered to carry her letter," he replied, confusedly.

"The deuce you did! And she declined?"

"She misunderstood me."

"I am heartily glad of it. I would not have had you mixed up in any of the Colonna intrigues for a trifle. In what way did she misunderstand you?"

Saxon bit his lip, and the color which had nearly faded from his face came back again.

"She thought I wanted to be paid for going," he said, reluctantly.

"Offered you money, in short?"

"Yes—that is, her father did so."

"And what did you say?"

"I hardly know. I was greatly vexed—more vexed, perhaps, than I ought to have been. I left them, at all events, and here I am."

"Without the letter, I trust?"

"Without the letter."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Trefalden looked down, thoughtfully, and a faint smile flitted over his face. Saxon did not see it. His thoughts were busy elsewhere, and his eyes were also bent upon the ground.

"I am sorry you don't join me," said Mr. Trefalden. "Smoking is a social art, and you should acquire it."

"The art is easy enough," said Saxon. "It is the taste for it which is difficult of acquisition."

"Then you have tried?"

"Yes."

"And it made you giddy?"

"Not at all; but it gave me no pleasure."

"That was because you did not persevere long enough to experience the delicious dreaminess that—"

"I have no desire to feel dreamy," interrupted Saxon. "I should detest any sensation that left my mind less active than usual. I had as soon put on fetters."

Mr. Trefalden laughed that low, pleasant laugh of his, and stretched himself at full length on the grass.

"There are fetters, and fetters," said he. "Fetters of gold, and fetters of flowers, as well as fetters of vulgar iron."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever know any of the three," observed Saxon, gravely.

"You have this very day been in danger of the two last," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Cousin, you are jesting."

"Cousin, I am doing nothing of the kind."

Saxon's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"What *can* you mean?" said he.

"I will tell you. But you must promise to listen patiently, for my explanation involves some amount of detail."

Saxon bent his head; and the lawyer, puffing lazily at his cigar from time to time, continued.

"The Colonna family," said he, "is, as of course you know already, one of the oldest and noblest of the princely Roman houses. Giulio Colonna, whom you saw just now at the Adler, is a scion of the stock. He has been an enthusiast all his life. In his youth he married for love; and, for the last twenty or thirty years, has devoted himself, heart and soul, to Italian politics. He has written more pamphlets, and ripened more plots, than any man in Europe. He is at the bottom of every Italian conspiracy. He is at the head of every secret society that has Italian unity for its object. He is, in short, a born agitator; and his daughter is as fanatical as himself. As you saw them just now, so they are always. He with his head full of plots, and his pockets full of pamphlets—she exercising all her woman's wit and energy to enlist or utilize an ally."

"I understand now what she meant by the 'good cause,'" observed Saxon, thoughtfully.

"Ay, that's the hackneyed phrase."

Saxon looked up.

"But it *is* a good cause," said he. "It is the liberty of her country."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, of course it is," he replied; "but one gets weary of this pamphleteering and plotting. Fighting is one thing, Saxon, and intriguing another. Besides, I hate a female politician."

"She is very beautiful," said Saxon.

"She is beautiful, and brilliant, and very fascinating; and she knows how to employ her power, too. Those eyes of Olimpia Colonna's have raised more volunteers for Italy than all her father's pamphlets. Confess now, would you have been so ready to carry that letter this morning if the lady had worn blue spectacles and a front?"

"I can not tell; but I fear not," replied the young man, laughingly. "But what has this to do with the fetters?"

"Every thing. Granted, now, that the fair signora had known you were my cousin—"

"I suppose she took me for your servant," interposed Saxon, somewhat bitterly.

"—and that you had really taken charge of that paper grenade," continued Mr. Trefalden, "can you not guess what the results might have been? Well, I can. She would not have offered you money—not a sou—but she would have smiled upon you, and given you her hand at parting; and you would probably have kissed it as if she had been an empress, and worshiped her as if she were a divinity; and your head, my dear Saxon, would have been as irretrievably turned as the heads of the false prophets in Dante's seventh circle."

"No, that it would not," said Saxon, hastily, with his face all on fire again at the supposition. "And, besides, the false prophets were in the eighth circle, cousin—the place, you know, called Malebolge."

"True—the eighth. Thank you. Then you would have placed the grenade in whichever pocket lay nearest to the place where your heart used to be; and you would have gone to the world's end as readily as to Thusis; and have been abjectly happy to wear Mademoiselle Colonna's fetters of flowers for the rest of your natural life."

"Nay, but indeed—"

"So much for the flowers," interrupted Mr. Trefalden. "Now for the iron. Once embarked in this 'good cause,' there would have been no hope for you in the future. In less than a month you would have been affiliated to some secret society. Dwelling, as you do, on the high-road to Italy, you would have been appointed to all kinds of dangerous services; and the result of the whole affair would have been an Austrian dungeon, whence not even Santa Olimpia herself would have power to extricate you."

"A very pleasant picture, and very well painted," said Saxon, with an angry quiver of the lip, "but an error, cousin, from beginning to end. I should have devoted myself neither to the lady nor the cause; so your argument falls to the ground, and the fetters along with it."

Mr. Trefalden had too much tact to pursue the conversation further, so he changed the subject.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Passionately."

"Do you play any instrument?"

"I play a little on our chapel organ, but very badly."

"By ear, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. My father learned music at Geneva, in his youth; and all that he knows he has taught me."

"Which, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, "is just enough to make you wish it were more?"

"Precisely."

"Have you a good organ at the chapel?"

"No, a wretched thing. It is very small, very old, and sadly out of repair. Two of the stops are quite useless, and there are but five altogether."

"A wretched thing, indeed! Can't you get a new one?"

"I fear not. Perhaps when Count Planta comes back from Italy he may give us one. My father means to mention it to him, at all events; but then the count is always either in Naples or Paris. He may not come to Reichenau for the next three or four years."

"And in the mean while," said Mr. Trefalden, "the organ may die of old age, and become altogether dumb."

"Quite true," replied Saxon, with a sigh.

Mr. Trefalden glanced at him sharply, and a silence of some moments ensued.

"Don't you think, Saxon," said he, at length, "that it must be very pleasant to be rich?"

Saxon looked up from his reverie and smiled.

"To be rich?" he repeated.

"Ay—as Count Planta, for instance."

"Are you serious, cousin?"

"Quite serious."

"Then I think it can not be pleasant at all."

"Why not?"

"Because wealth is power, and power is a frightful temptation."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trefalden.

"And a frightful responsibility, too."

"Nonsense again."

"All history proves it," said Saxon, earnestly. "Look at Athens and Rome—see how luxury undermined the liberty of the one, and how the desire of aggrandizement—"

Mr. Trefalden laid his hand laughingly upon the young man's mouth.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you talk like a class-book or an Exeter Hall lecturer! Who cares about Rome or Athens now? One would think you were a thousand years old at the very least."

"But—"

"But your arguments are very true, and classical, and didactic—I grant all that. Nevertheless our daily experience proves money to be a remarkably agreeable thing. You, I think, are rather proud of your poverty."

"I am not poor," replied Saxon. "I have all that I need. An emperor can have no more."

"Humph! Are there no poor in Reichenau?"

"None who are very poor. None so poor as the people of Embs."

"Where is Embs?"

"About half-way on the road to Chur. It is a Roman Catholic parish, and the inhabitants are miserably squalid and idle."

"I remember the place. I passed it on my way here yesterday. It looked like a hot-bed of fever."

"And well it might," replied Saxon, sadly. "They had it terribly last autumn."

Mr. Trefalden faced round suddenly, leaning on his elbow, and flung away the end of his cigar.

"And so you think, young man," said he, "that because you have all you need, money would be of no use to you! Pray, did it never occur to you that these fever-stricken wretches wanted food, medicine, and clothing?"

"We—we did what we could, cousin," replied Saxon, in a troubled voice. "God knows it was very little, but—"

"But if you had been a rich man you could have done ten times more. Is that not true?"

"Too true."

"Your religion enjoins you to give alms; but how are you to do this without money?"

"One may do good works without money," said Saxon.

"In a very limited degree. Not one-tenth part as many as if you had plenty of it. Did you never look at that side of the question, Saxon? Did you never wish to be rich for the sake of others?"

"I am not sure, but I do not think I ever did. I was so impressed with the belief that money was the root of all evil—"

"Pshaw! Things are good or evil according to the use we make of them. A knife is but a knife whether in the hand of a surgeon or an assassin; yet the result is considerably different. You must divest your mind of these fallacies, Saxon. They are unworthy of you!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow uneasily.

"What you say sounds like the truth," said he; "and yet—and yet it is at variance with the precepts upon which I have relied all my life."

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Precepts, however, are bad things to depend upon. They are made of India rubber, and will stretch to cover any proposition. Let us suppose now that you were a rich man—"

"How absurd!" said Saxon, forcing a smile. "What is the use of it?"

"We will see what might have been the use of it. In the first place, you would have had good instruction, and have become an accomplished musician. You would have enriched yonder little church with a fine organ, and perhaps have rebuilt the church into the bargain. You would have furnished the poor sufferers of Embs with a staff of doctors and nurses, and have saved, perhaps, some scores of human lives. You would have been able to surround your uncle with comforts in his old age. You could have gratified your desire of visiting Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. You could have lined the old château from top to bottom with Greek and Latin poets, and have founded a museum of Etruscan antiquities for your uncle's perpetual delight. Finally—"

He paused. Saxon looked up.

"Well, cousin," said he; "finally what?"

"Finally, rich men do not wear gray blouses and leather gaiters. If you had had a coat like mine on your back this morning, Saxon, Mademoiselle Colonna would not have taken you for a common peasant, and Signor Colonna would not have offered you money."

Saxon sprang to his feet with an impatient gesture.

"Enough of would be, and might be!" exclaimed he. "Of what use are these speculations? I am not rich, and I never shall be rich; so it is idle to think of it."

"At all events," persisted Mr. Trefalden, "you admit the desirableness of wealth."

"I—I am not sure. I can not relinquish an old belief so hastily."

"Not even in favor of the truth?"

"I do not yet know that it is the truth. My mind needs further evidence."

"Of what, my son?" said a gentle voice close behind him.

It was the pastor. There was a field-path across those very meadows between Rotzberg and Reichenau, and the pine-trunk where the cousins had staid to rest lay within a dozen yards of its course.

Saxon uttered a joyous exclamation.

"This is fortunate!" cried he. "You come at the right moment, father, to judge our argument."

"We were talking of riches," said Mr. Trefalden, rising, and grasping the old man's outstretched hand. "My young kinsman here preaches the language of an Arcadian, and declaims against the precious metals like a second Timon. I, on the other hand, have been trying to convince him that gold has a very bright side, indeed, and may be made to perform a good many wise offices. What say you?"

The pastor looked distressed.

"The question is a broad one," said he, "and there is much truth on both sides of it. But we can not discuss it now. I want to talk to you, Cousin William. I have hastened down from Rotzberg, fearing all the time lest I should miss you. Were you not going to Chur?"

"We were going, and are going, by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Can you spare me half an hour before you start?"

"The whole day, if you please."

"Nay, an hour will be more than enough. Saxon, that which I have to say to our cousin is not for thy ears. Go up, my son, to Tamins, and inquire about that Indian corn-seed that farmer Retzschel promised us last week."

Saxon looked surprised; but prepared to begone without a word.

"Shall I come back here afterward?" he asked.

"No. It would be better to await thy cousin at the Adler."

Saxon colored, and hesitated.

"Could I not wait at the chapel?" said he.

"Ay, at the chapel, if thou wilt."

So the young man waved a cheery farewell, and started at once upon his uncle's errand. Looking back presently, at the turn of the path, he saw them sitting on the pine-trunk, side by side, already in earnest conversation. He saw Mr. Trefalden shake his head. He fancied there was some kind of trouble in the old man's attitude. What could his uncle have to say to one whom, kinsman though he was, he had never seen till the previous evening? Why this mystery about their conversation? It was very strange. Saxon could not help feeling that he must be himself concerned, somehow or another, in the matter; and this surmise added, vaguely, to his uneasiness.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

[Advertisement.]

YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW!—A Gentleman who is perpetually being told, by Ladies and others, that he is an ugly customer, wishes to meet with some pretty person with whom he could exchange looks.

A New Light.—When the heroine of a novel is represented as "becoming agitated on *hearing the sound of her lover's step,*" it may be taken to mean that she was startled by the *hollow of his foot.*

New Interpretation of the Initials C. S. A.—Crinolinum Skirtum Alsquatulatum.

MORE TAXES!

A tax upon any one talking about the weather.

Upon all amateurs on the flute, violin, and cornet, without exception.

Upon all after-dinner speeches over three minutes in length.

Upon all young ladies singing Italian songs without understanding the language.

Upon all young ladies or gentlemen singing any song whatever, and, by their affected pronunciation, rendering the words totally unintelligible.

All long wandering stories without any point to be heavily taxed.

A tax upon any one who objects to smoking in a railway carriage.

A tax of 100 per cent. on every one who won't lend you five dollars.

A tax upon every sermon that shall exceed fifteen minutes.

A tax upon mothers-in-law. Heavy.

Mrs. Partington, being told that the family of Abraham Lincoln came originally from England, remembered that she had heard of "Old Tom of Lincoln," and, adjusting her verdant spectacles with great solemnity, suggested that Abraham's "proginity" might have been "Old Tom."

"I have known many trials," as the man said who had been convicted sixteen times for petty larceny.

"I'm sitting on the *style*, Mary," as the envious girl said, when she plumped down on her sister's new hat and feather.

Power of Talk.—A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A wicked editor, commenting upon the fact, says: "He should have married her, and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her power of talk."

A Burning Shame.—The Puseyite candles.

Particular Notice.—The following parties are respectfully requested not to attend any of our places of public amusement: The man with the creaking boots. The woman with the cough. The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort. The woman who can not refrain from audible criticisms on the looks of the actors. The man who cracks nuts. The man who laughs in the wrong place. The man who goes out half a dozen times during the play to moisten his clay. The fast young lady who is constantly leveling her opera-glass at the "fellers."

The Great En-graver.—Death.

Why are scandal-mongers in less danger of bankruptcy than any other class?—Because they give no *credit* to any body.

A Con for the Fox-hunter.—Why is the running of a fox like the careful perusal of a book?—Because it goes from cover to cover.

Blow It!—We see it announced that a joint-stock company is in progress of formation to promote the art of, and cultivate a taste for aërostation. We should recommend them to invest their capital in pipes and soap-suds, for there is no aërostation so likely to prosper a joint-stock company as the congenial employment of blowing bubbles!

At one of the last sittings of the Court of Assizes, Paris, the President made the following observation: "I see here several advocates with trowsers of various colors. For to-day it is well, but henceforth the practice must be discontinued."

"They Bore Him Home."—Prince Napoleon has been to inspect the tunnel which is being carried through Mont Cenis. If we are to accept the opinion of the French Senate, nobody ought to be more self-conscious of what a bore should be than His Imperial Highness Plon-Plon.

Why can not two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintance.

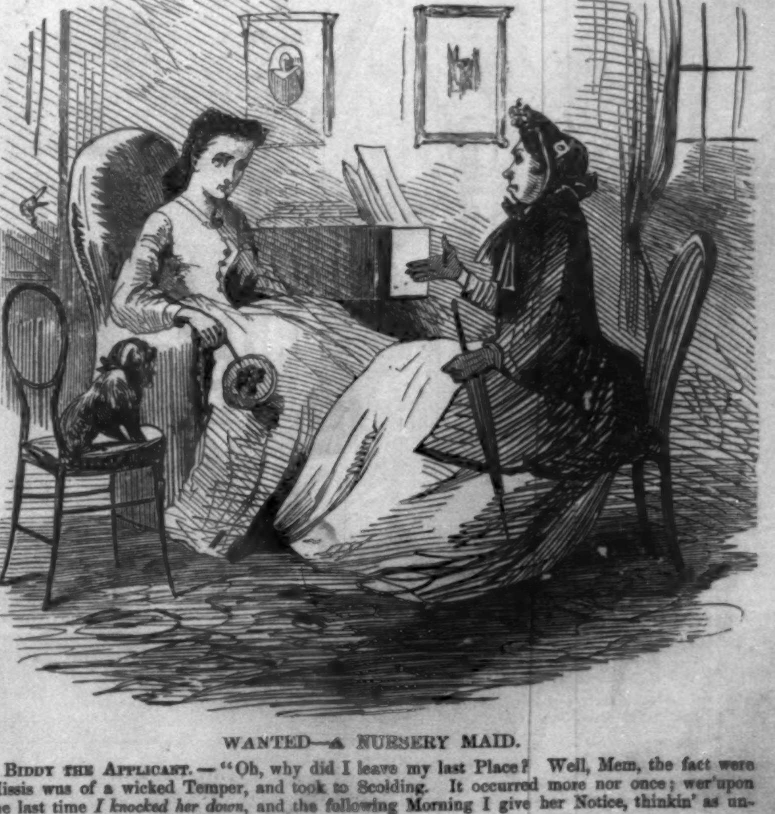
Generosity does not consist in giving, but in making some sacrifice to enable one to give.

Funeral Furnishers.—Doctors.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger?—Because it goes round and gathers up the *waist*.

When is a ham like a convalescent person?—When it is nearly cured.

A new sensational *café chantant* singer has appeared in Paris—no less a person than a Countess. Her famous song is, "I have thrashed my husband."

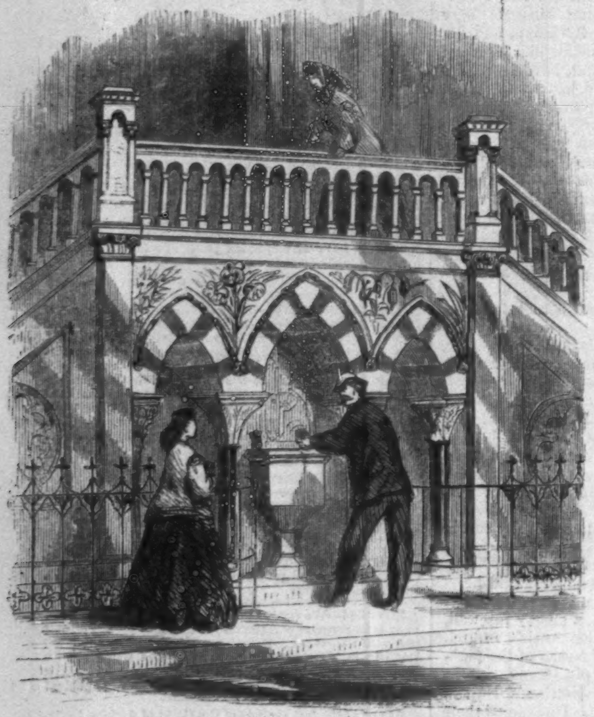


WANTED—A NURSERY MAID.

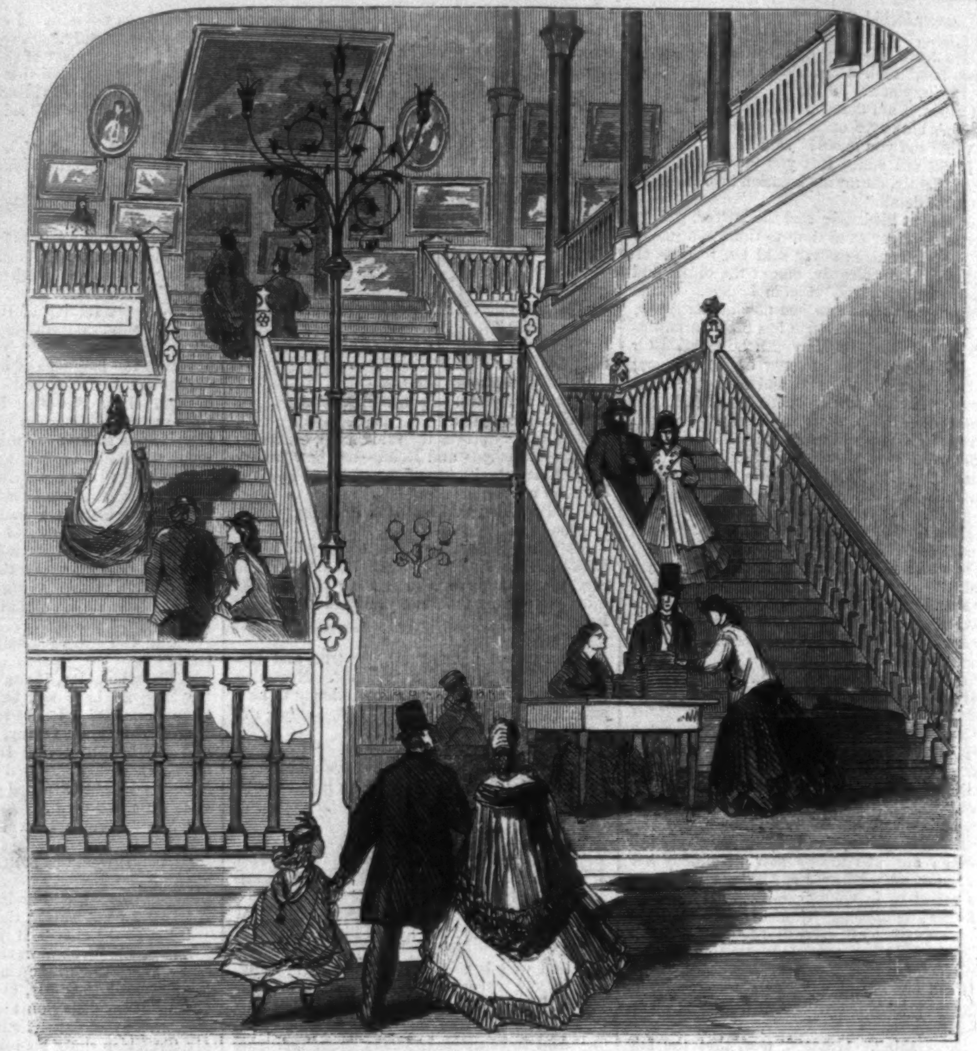
Biddy the Applicant.—"Oh, why did I leave my last Place? Well, Mem, the fact were Missis wus of a wicked Temper, and took to Scolding. It occurred more nor once; wer'upon the last time *I knocked her down*, and the following Morning I give her Notice, thinkin' as under the Sirkimstances we 'ad best Part."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

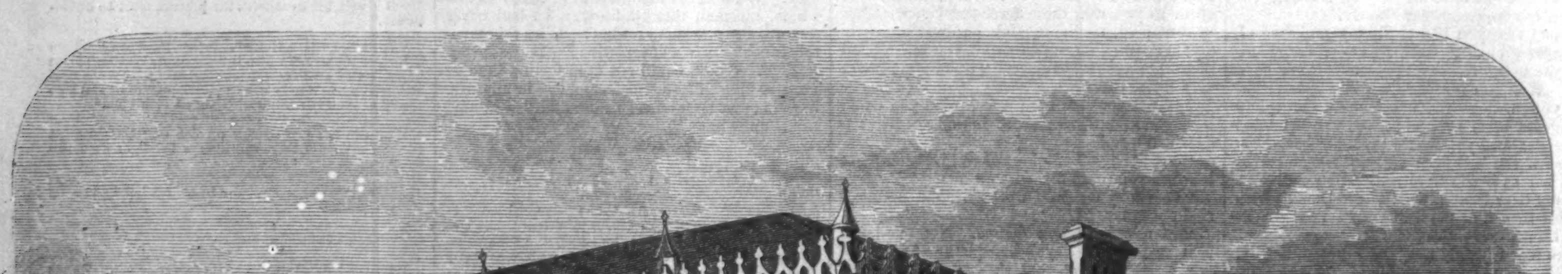
The building of the National Academy of Design is a beautiful Temple of Art. It went up in the years of angry strife, but at the time of its dedication the time of peace was almost fully come. The building is well situated on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and was built according to the design of P. B. Wight. Built of white marble, it bears some resemblance to the Doge's Palace in Venice, though different in color and proportions. The marble is covered with elaborate ornamentation, and the building certainly offers a great contrast to any other of our public edifices. It is spacious, solid, convenient, simple in arrangement, ample in accommodation, and very beautiful and effective. It was opened on Thursday evening, April 27, 1865. The gay groups ascending and descending the Grand Staircase, of which we give an illustration, afforded a splendid spectacle. We shall not be surprised if the revolutionary era through which we are passing gives an extraordinary impulse to progress in Art as well as in Literature.



FOUNTAIN UNDER THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

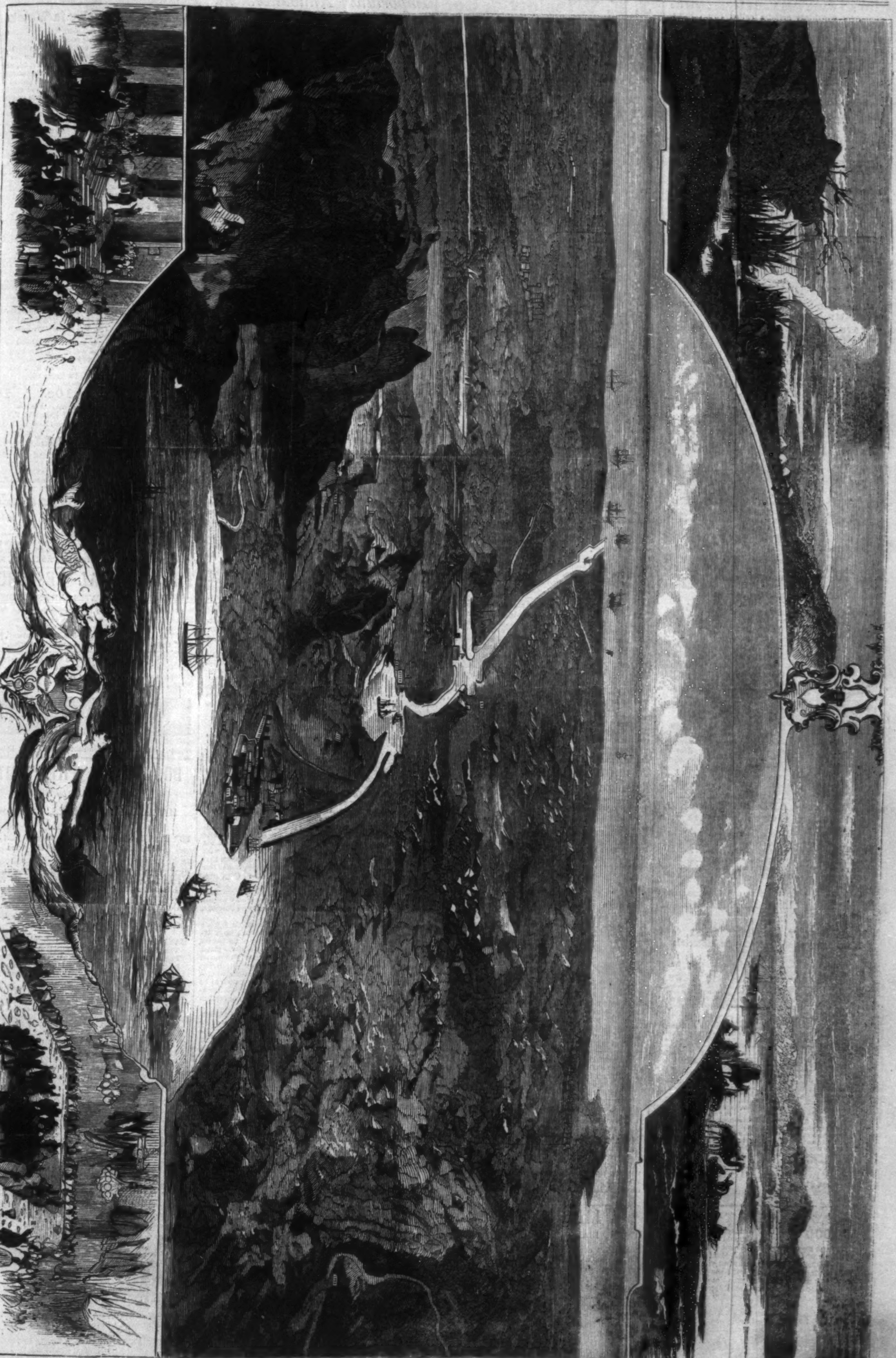


GRAND STAIRCASE, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,

Corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE SUEZ CANAL CONNECTING THE RED SEA WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW BOOKS.

Fairy Fingers—Mrs. Mowatt's capital new Novel	$1 75
Hugh Worthington—Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's new novel	$1 50
Superior Fishing—Roosevelt's new sporting book	$2 00
St. Philips—new Novel, by author of "Rutledge"	$1 75
Mary Brandegee—a splendid new "woman's novel"	$1 75
The Habits of Good Society—an excellent book	$1 75
The Art of Conversation and Self-Culture	$1 50

All handsomely bound in cloth, and sent by mail, free, on receipt of price, by CARLETON, Publisher, New York.

"HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY?"—A most amusing Comic Song, 35c.

She went away a month to-day:
Her absence grieves me greatly;
She'd a strawberry mark upon her arm:
Oh! have you seen her lately?

"Sunlight within my Heart," 35c.; "Soldier's Happy Return," Mazourka, 35c.; "The Jersey Lovers" (comic), 30c., mailed. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

WANTED: Six Good COMPOSITORS—careful, steady men, used to the finest book-work. Apply to HENRY MARSH, Foreman of HARPER & BROTHERS' Composing Room, 82 Cliff Street, New York.

The Great New England Remedy.

Dr. J. W. Poland's White Pine Compound has been proved in thousands of cases throughout the New England States to be the very best medicine for Throat and Pulmonary affections and all Kidney complaints. This Compound cures Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Dyptheria, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Hydrocele, &c., &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an invaluable remedy.

In most cases one bottle is sufficient to effect a cure. Give it a trial.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Illinois, Agents for Northwestern States.

JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, Agent for Southwestern States.

Sold by all druggists.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS!

Genuine Gold Rings.

All the Army Corps Rings in 16-carat gold (stamped and warranted) at $3 and $5 each. Also 100 other styles of every size, plain, enameled, and fancy, at from $2 to $10 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address E. P. BEACH, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER,

At wholesale prices, sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price.

1000 Buff letter envelopes, extra thick	$4 00
500 white note envelopes, double thick	3 00
One ream super thick note paper	3 00
One box (250) new style opaque envelope	2 00
One ream very thick first-class note	4 50
1000 Canary color letter envelopes	4 00

Samples sent if requested.

HASKINS & CO., Stationers and Envelope Manufacturers, 36 Beekman Street, New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz:

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, [illegible]facture immense quantities in great variety, ranging [illegible] cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER. ☜

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz: about

100 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 550 Statesmen,
200 Brig.-Generals, 250 Other Officers, 130 Divines
275 Colonels, 75 Navy Officers, 125 Authors,
40 Artists, 125 Stage, 50 Prominent Women,
3,000 Copies of Works of Art.

including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of $1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

Soldiers' Pocket Albums for 18 Pictures, 75 cents.

24 Pictures, $1 00.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in no case can they get *less* than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
P.O., Drawer 12.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1860).

100,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,

AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES,

All to be sold for One Dollar Each.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	$5 00 to 10 00
2000 Chatelaine Chains and Necklaces	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	4 00 to 10 00
3000 Gold and Jet Revolving Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Gold, Onyx, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 60
3000 Florentine Mosaic and Coral Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Ear-Drops (variety of styles)	4 00 to 8 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Gold and Jet	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry (variety of styles)	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' Belt Buckles & Gold Thimbles	5 00 to 8 00
3000 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Pencils	3 00 to 6 00
5000 Solitaire Sleeve Buttons (various styles)	3 00 to 7 00
8000 Bosom Studs (variety of styles)	2 50 to 6 00
6000 Watch Keys, Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 50 to 6 00
2000 Gents' Masonic Pins and Rings	4 00 to 8 00
3000 Gents' Solitaire and Cluster Pins	4 00 to 10 00
2000 Gold Tooth and Ear Picks	3 00 to 6 00
6000 Plain, Chased, and Stone Set Rings	3 00 to 8 00
6000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00

All of the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, for paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage-stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
No. 208 Broadway, New York.

ATTENTION, ALL! What the Peruvian Onguent will do. It is warranted to produce a set of whiskers or mustaches in five weeks sure. Try it, gents, you who would sport a fine mustache, and be convinced that there is hope for you. Sent postpaid for $1, or trial quantity for 60 cents. Address DR. E. GRANT, Somers, Conn.

CURL YOUR HAIR, LADIES.

The beautiful art of curling straight hair, without injuring it, as discovered by Prof. Robb, will be sent FREE, in his *Journal of Beauty*, which will teach all how to curl their hair in soft, beautiful, luxuriant, massive curls. Address, with *stamp*, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Mainnay's Cresco Mustachio is warranted to produce a full set of whiskers on the smoothest face six weeks. Sent postpaid for $1. Address J. F. Spencer, Box 13, W. Troy, N. Y.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PHOTOGRAPH CARD PICTURES.

Prize Stationery Packets.

We want agents every where to sell our goods, which will pay 300 per cent. profit. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to agents. $17 will obtain 100 packets and a fine Silver Watch. One copy of the new and beautiful steel engraving of "LINCOLN AT HOME," together with circulars and full particulars to Agents, sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular mailed free.

HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street, New York.

Lincoln.

Agents wanted to take orders for a superior portrait, on steel, of our late President. For an outfit, send One Dollar to L. BILL, 75 Fulton Street, New York.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, No. 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

Whiskers! Mustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA COMPOUND is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English patent article, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, post paid, for $1. Address Dr. H. DE FORREST, Albany, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

"The West Indian Hair Curler."

Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
Box 5951, New York Post-Office.

A LIFE FOR 25 CENTS.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY.

A perfect cure for these distressing complaints can be found in the use of Dr. J. Maggiel's Diarrhœa Pills. For over 30 years of private practice they have been used with almost unvarying success, and are now for the first time given publicly to the world.

The price is low, and within the reach of all. Full directions accompany each box of the Diarrhœa Pills, and if followed closely a perfect cure can be guaranteed. A box will be sent to any address free on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States and the Canadas, and the proprietor,

J. MAGGIEL, M.D.,
43 Fulton Street, New York.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of

WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.

One Million Dollars' Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT

ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!

All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Musical Boxes, each	$20 to $150
150 " " with Bells and Castinets	200 " 500
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 " 50
500 " Chafing Dishes	30 " 100
1000 " Ice Pitchers	20 " 50
2500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 " 50
5000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3000 " Castors	15 " 50
2000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 " 20
10,000 " " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20 " 40
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 " 150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35 " 70
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200 Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 30
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 " 10
2,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 " 8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4 " 6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 10
4,000 " " Magic Spring	10 " 20
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2 " 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 " 15
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4 " 15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 " 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 " 25
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 " 15
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

ARCANA WATCH.

An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with panel and shield for name, with patent push-pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Jimer Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, with line dial, and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $125. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $25. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

Address DEVAUGH & CO., Importers,
15 Maiden Lane, New York.

Officers' and Soldiers' Speciality.

SOMETHING NEW AND FINE.

On the receipt of either $3 or $5 I will send a genuine 16-carat gold Ring for either Division or Corps in the Army (send the size). Also, for $1 50 I will send a solid silver Badge (*pure coin*) appropriate for either Division or Corps in the Army. AGENTS wanted in every Regiment and Hospital, and on board every Vessel, to whom especial inducements are offered. Send for wholesale illustrated Circular.

B. T. HAYWARD,
208 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG MAN, would you sport a fine Beard or Mustache? If so, I will send you information FREE which I warrant will produce a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks. Address, with Stamp, E. PALMER, Post-Office Box 102, Parkman Ohio.

10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

Jewelry certificate sent for 10 cents. Address
FORWARDING AGENCY COMPANY,
58 Liberty Street, New York City.

FREE TO ALL.

Citizens, Soldiers, Everybody, should send their address, and receive a large Illustrated Paper replete with the choicest literature of the day. SENT GRATIS.

CHARLES E. MACKEY, 81 Nassau St., N. Y.

President Lincoln's

Funeral March, with portrait, 40c.; plain, 30c. A Nation in Tears, song or quartette, with vignette of the Martyr President, 30c. Battle Hymn of the Republic, 30c. Soldiers' Happy Return Mazourka, 30c. It was my Mother's Voice, 35c. Have you seen her lately? (comic), 35c. *Mailed free of postage.* FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES

OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

A Lecture delivered at the Cooper Institute, May 16, 1865, by Hon. Wm. M. Stewart, U. S. Senator from Nevada. Price 50 Cents. Will be ready Monday, May 22.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N.Y.

⁂ Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

GIVEN AWAY.—How to raise Whiskers in six weeks. How to curl the Hair. How to win at Cards. Instructions sent free. Address B. H. WILLIS, 84 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

SOMETHING NEW. For Illustrated Catalogue send stamp. RICE & CO., Manufacturers, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES.

Published by

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

SEWELL'S BRITISH WEST INDIES. The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies. By WILLIAM G. SEWELL. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

KAY'S SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By JOSEPH KAY, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law, and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

CURTIS'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION. History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Complete in two large and handsome Octavo Volumes. Cloth, $6.

HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. FIRST SERIES: From the First Settlement of the Country to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution. SECOND SERIES: From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $18 00.

ARIZONA AND SONORA. The Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America. By SYLVESTER MOWRY, of Arizona, Graduate of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, late Lieutenant Third Artillery, U. S. A., Corresponding Member of the American Institute, late U. S. Boundary Commissioner, &c., &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

CLAIBORNE'S LIFE OF GENERAL QUITMAN. Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman, Major-General U. S. A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. With a Portrait on Steel. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

THE HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. By His Imperial Majesty NAPOLEON III. Vol. I., with colored Maps, Library Edition. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. [*The Atlas, containing colored Maps, to accompany the Volume, will be ready next week, and may be had by Purchasers of Harper's Library Edition without extra charge.*]

⁂ Library Edition, without the Maps, 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

⁂ Duodecimo Edition, without the Maps, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

KATE KENNEDY. A Novel. By the Author of "Wondrous Strange." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. A Novel. By MISS MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

United States
7.30 LOAN.

THIRD SERIES,
$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

7.30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per Cent.
GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7.30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
Twenty cts. per day on a $1000 note.
One dollar per day on a $5000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of seven and three-tenths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-Thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

The Only Loan in Market

Now offered by the Government; and its superior advantages make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE.
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 South Third Street,
MAY 15, 1865. PHILADELPHIA.

SOMETHING NEW.

FOOTE'S
Patent Locket Album
IN FINE GOLD AND PLATE,
Varying in Price from
$5 to $25 each,
according to size and quality.
Manufactured by
E. N. FOOTE & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.
Also a full assortment of
FINE JEWELRY.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.
2000 Styles. Inclose 25 cents and 2 red stamps for sample card and catalogue. True copies of our late PRESIDENT LINCOLN, 25 cents, or $15 per 1000. Address H. S. GREER, Artist, 46 John Street, New York.

The Use of
BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE
Universal Pills

Tend to the cure of all diseases, because time has proved them the natural medicine of man. They remove only corrupt humors which cause pain and bodily distress of every kind. It is thus they purify the blood, and cure disease.

See B. Brandreth is on the Government Stamp in white letters.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER is a preventive of sickness.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last 25 years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER, designed for all classes,

Old and Young. It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person a year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will

Save Millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength, and give

Vigor and Action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire

Preventive to Sickness in his case. Also another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

This Wonderful Preparation will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds—Bilious Colic, Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc.—its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician, used it with great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhœa, Colic, Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Enfeebled Digestion, Want of Appetite, Scrofula, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. It never fails to relieve Nervous Tremor, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American ladies have used this article with great success to heighten their color and beauty.

It imparts a cheerfulness to the disposition, and brilliancy to the complexion.

To travelers, especially, it is of inestimable value, and should be provided as a medicine for every journey in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency.

Persons residing in any part of the country may adopt it with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious restorative.

PRICES:
TEN DOLLARS PER ONE GALLON.
THREE DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL QUART).
TWO DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL PINT).
ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE (FULL HALF-PINT).

One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. For sale every where. One ounce sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents postage. B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

Having donated $1000 worth of my "N. Y. C." Soap to a former fair at Chicago, I have now donated 6000 sample-bottles of the Pineapple Cider to be sold at the Soldiers' Fair to be held at Chicago, May 30, 1865. Value of the above $1800.

To Beautify the Complexion,

USE SANFORD'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.

The "Enamel" will remove the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples, or Sunburn, in from four to five days. It whitens the skin permanently, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion, which is perfectly natural, and without injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, for $1. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Mustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented (by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1. Sent, sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money. Address

A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail $1. Warranted. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

The Brazilian Hair Curler.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant, and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $20 per day net profit. Send stamp for Circular. Address P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, New York.

Shults's Instantaneous Hair-Dye,

The most efficient dye in use—a simple application producing any shade of color from brown to beautiful black, dependent on the number of applications, producing a permanent and natural color, and a beautiful, soft, silky, and glossy appearance. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, N. Y.

Weston's Metallic Artificial Legs.—Lightest, cheapest, most durable, and most natural ever invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for a pamphlet. J. W. WESTON, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done." Whiskers in 6 w'ks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Free for 25c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

AGENTS, COME and EXAMINE

An Invention urgently needed by every body, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cts., which retails for $6 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN,

Would you sport a fine beard or mustache? If so, use The Prussian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address

S. S. CHASE,
P. O. Drawer 350, Cohoes, N. Y.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands, and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's HANDSOME VEST CHAIN and a beautiful MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET, to match, with Double Cases, Box, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT, and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers* of the BRITISH ARMY, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers, 102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's
New Union Playing Cards,
National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. COLONEL in place of King, GODDESS OF LIBERTY for Queen, and MAJOR for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

TO THE LADIES.

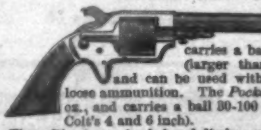
Use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. For sale by all Druggists. Price $2 per bottle. Send for circular.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S
Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—a degree of perfection never yet attained by any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted *exclusively* by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), naming prices, sent by mail when required.

MERWIN & BRAY are also sole proprietors of the Ballard Breach-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established that the Public only wish to know where they may be *purchased*. These Rifles were used by Captains Crawford and Fisk on the Overland Expedition to the Pacific, under orders of the U. S. Government. The General Government and the State of Kentucky have about Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active field service, of which the highest testimonials are received.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.

Address orders to MERWIN & BRAY,
No. 262 Broadway, New York.

P.S.—IMPORTANT.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of only *one preparation*. Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Informartion never before published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for Ten Cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

$125 a Month. Agents wanted every where to introduce the improved Shaw & Clark $20 Family Sewing Machine, the only low price machine in the country which is licensed by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to fine and imprisonment. Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

$70 a Month. I want agents every where, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell Fifteen Articles, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars free. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

PORTABLE
PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 26 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., Six Cents.

PRINTERS' AND BINDERS' WAREHOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture TYPE-REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines,

Bed and Platen Power Presses,
FOR
Book, Job, and Card Printing.

STEAM ENGINES, HYDRAULIC PRESSES with wrought-iron cylinders, Standing Presses of various kinds, Chases, Furniture, Cases, Stands, Brass Rule, Composing Sticks, and every article connected with the arts of Letterpress, Copperplate and Lithographic Printing, Bookbinding, Stereotyping, and Electrotyping, always on hand, or furnished at short notice.

They would also call attention of Publishers of Newspapers to their New

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS,
AND THEIR
SINGLE LARGE CYLINDER
Hand Printing Machine,

Either of which is especially designed to supply Newspapers of moderate circulation with a cheap, plain, and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary Job work of an out of town office. They are designed to run exclusively by hand, at a speed of 700 or 800 per hour, and at this rate will run without jar or noise.

A new CATALOGUE, containing cuts and descriptions of many new Machines not before shown in their book, with directions for putting up, working, &c., and other useful information, is now in press, and when completed will be sent to any of the craft who will furnish their address.

R. HOE & CO.,
New York and Boston, Mass.

Publishers of Newspapers are at liberty to insert this advertisement, displayed as above, three times in their *weekly paper, with this note*, at any time during the next six months, but not later, provided they purchase type or material of our manufacture for *four times the amount of their bill*, which will be allowed in settlement of ours, on receipt of a copy of their paper containing the advertisement.

May 10th, 1865.

ALBUMS FOR EVERY BODY.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST ALBUMS, holding 24 Pictures, for 75 cents. Albums of all descriptions, from 50 cents to $50, sent free by mail or express, on receipt of price.

C. HUGHES,
ALBUM MANUFACTURER,
102 Centre St., New York.

Photograph cards of President Lincoln, 10 cents each.

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1865.

COMMENCING THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

CONTENTS:

WASHOE REVISITED. (*Second Paper.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Scene in Virginia City.—Hauling Ore to the Mills.—A Blasted Scrape.—The Hurdy-Gurdy Girls.—Home for the Boys.—Auction Sales Every Day.—The Author's Reception in Virginia City.—Dividends.—Assessments.—Climate of Virginia City.—Office and Dwelling of the Gould and Curry Company.—Ladies of the Hotel.
FROM TEHERAN TO SAMARCAND.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Reception by Turkoman Chief on the Caspian Shore.—Intruding upon the Haunts of the Wild Boar.—Wild Man in the Desert.—Receiving Payment for Human Heads.—The Ferry across the Oxus.—Sand-Storm in the Desert.—Entry of the Emir into Samarcand.—Market on Horseback, among the Ozbegs.—Tent in Central Asia.—Tartar Horse-Race, Pursuit of a Bride.
THE SUN-DIAL.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—VII. THE CHANGE OF BASE EFFECTED.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—George A. M'Call.—The Single Combat.—Samuel P. Heintzelman.—Philip Kearney.—Battle of Malvern Hill.—Gun-Boats at Malvern Hill.—Captain Reed and Son.
DIRGE FOR THE FALLEN.
DOBBS'S DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Departure of the Early Bird.—The Late Bird at Home.
ANDREW KENT'S TEMPTATION.
THE AMERICANS ON THEIR TRAVELS.
CONTRAST.
RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.
With a Portrait.
ARMADALE. By WILKIE COLLINS.
CHAPTER V. Mother Oldershaw on her Guard.
CHAPTER VI. Midwinter in Disguise.
CHAPTER VII. The Plot Thickens.
ILLUSTRATION.—The Resident Gentry.
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. (*Concluded.*)
IN MEMORIAM W. S.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS.
CHAPTER VIII. The End of a long Journey.
CHAPTER IX. Somebody becomes the Subject of a Prediction.
CHAPTER X. Scouts Out.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bibliomania of the Golden Dustman.—The Evil Genius of the House of Boffin.—The Flight.—"Threepenn'orth Rum."
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates: one quarter of a page, each Number, $75; one half, $125; whole page, $250. The circulation of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year 4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUME OF HARPER'S WEEKLY for the Year 1864, with over 1000 Illustrations. 852 pages, 4to, substantially bound in Cloth. Price $7 00.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar* per line for inside, and *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.